NOV. 19,
1938

★ Liberty

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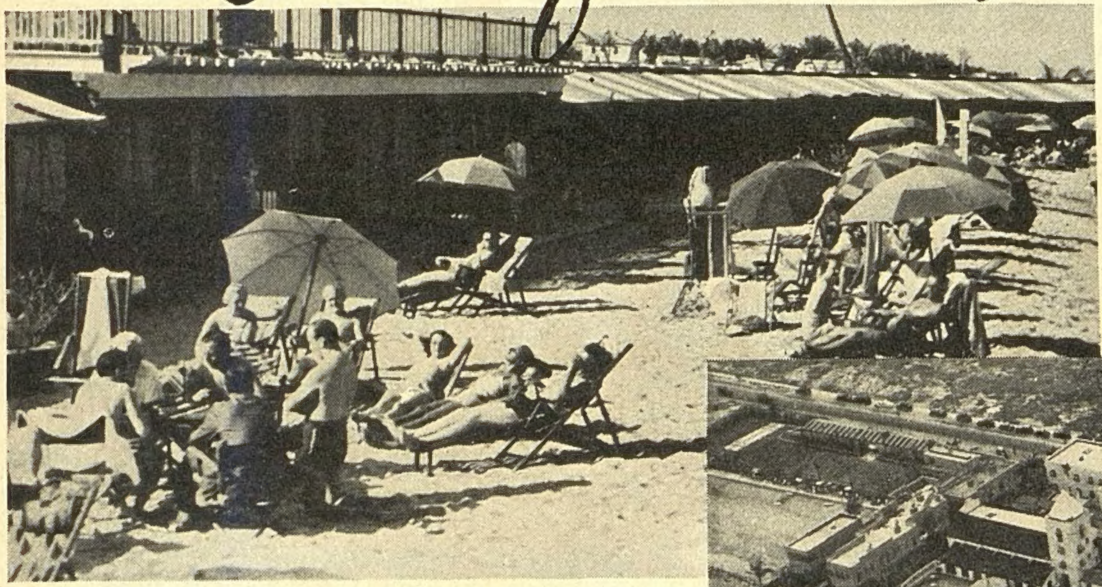
THE PRICE OF PEACE by NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

AN AUTHORIZED PUBLICATION OF HIS VIEWS FROM PAPERS AND ADDRESSES OF ENGLAND'S PRIME MINISTER

Burn Your Bridges—Daring Advice to Youth by Bette Davis

Macfadden-Deauville



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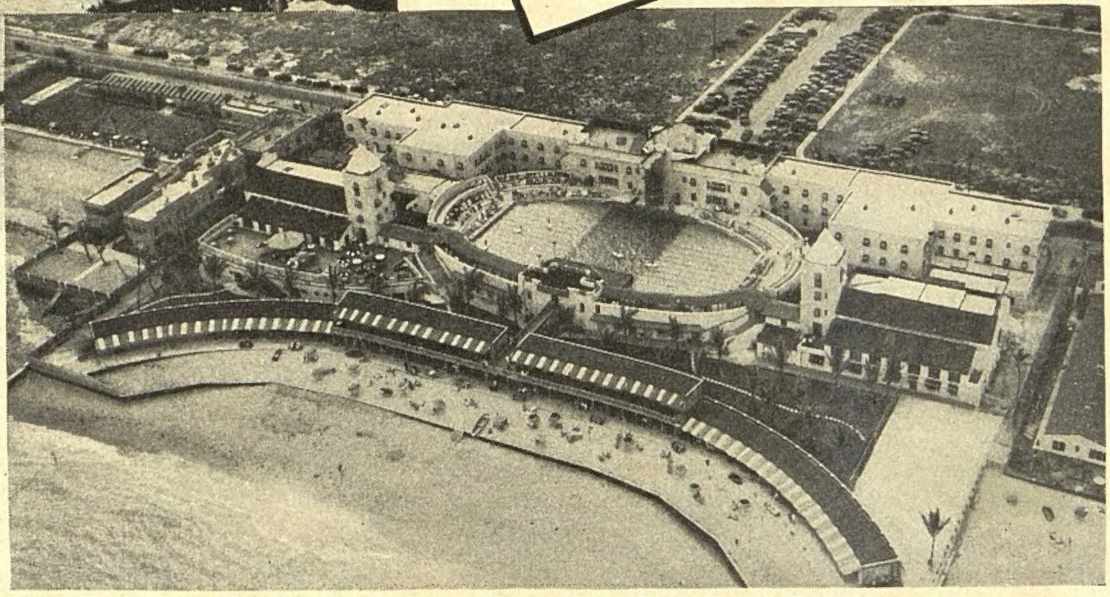

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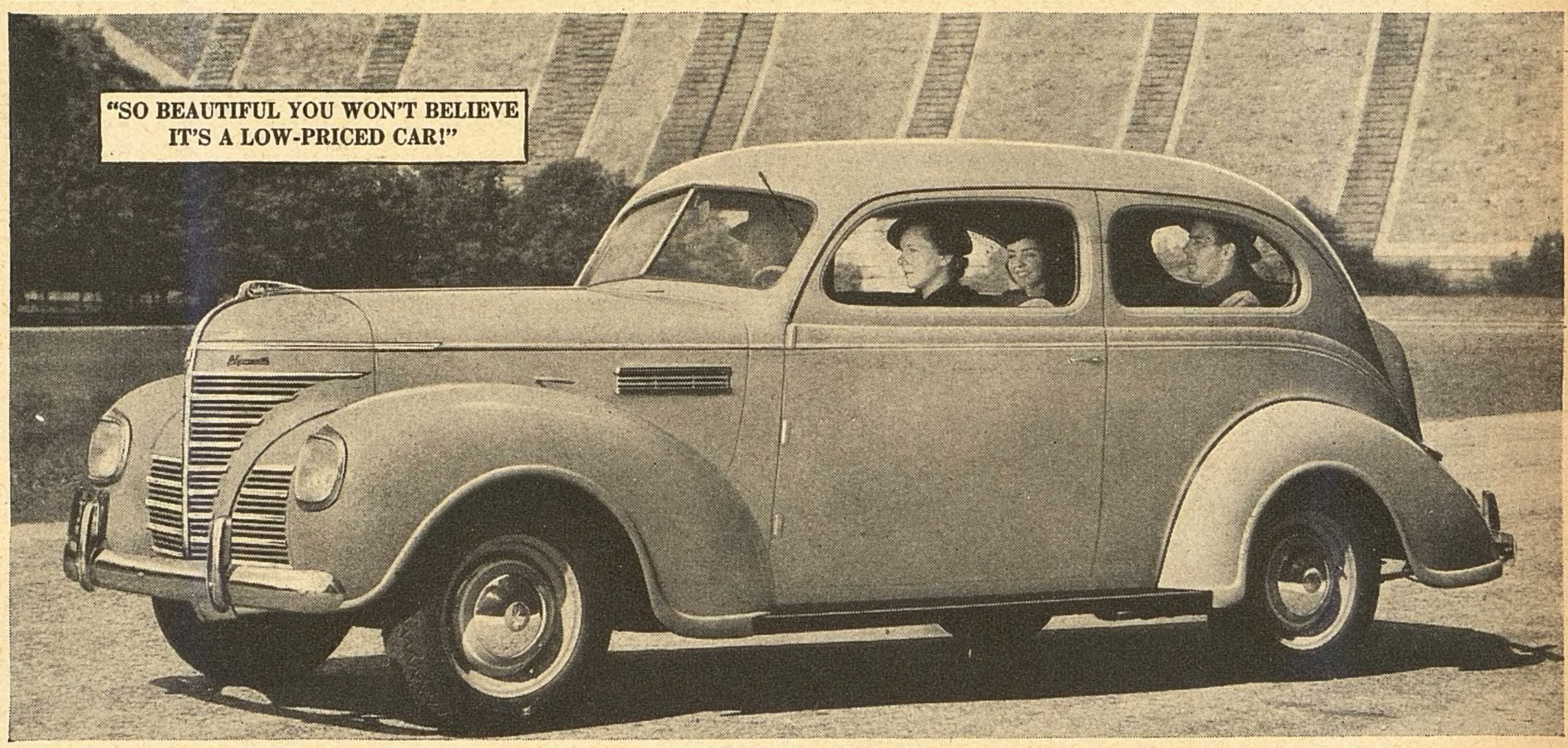
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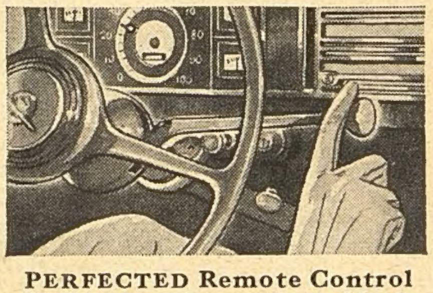
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THE CAR

NOVEMBER 19, 1938 **Liberty** VOL. 15, NO. 47

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

OUR NAME

And That's What

BERNARR MACFADDEN

LIBERTY!! Can we measure its value or fully appreciate the truly munificent rewards which it brought us?

To be free! The very thought is uplifting—inspiring! It is only free men who figuratively soar to lofty heights!

Dictators are now in fashion. Some of these tyrannical rulers deal with their people as they would with cattle. They know but little of human initiative. Their souls are warped. Their minds are often twisted. A rigid censorship usually bars out true enlightenment. Knowledge, except that which officious rulers pass out, is denied these people.

On this Armistice Day we should celebrate with royal acclaim! Shout the glad tidings!

Liberty is still with us! We have not lost this precious possession, but it is being threatened! War clouds have been dispersed—temporarily.

Laws are gradually circumscribing our rights as free men, and unless we awake to these dangers we too may be in the grasp of tyrannical dictators.

The following contains much of the substance of an editorial that appeared in the first issue of this magazine—more than fourteen years ago:

We chose Liberty for a name because of its monumental significance. What it stands for fires the imagination . . . thrills the very souls of our people. It was our understanding of that word that stirred the American consciousness to its uttermost depths. Its full significance was never before fully comprehended.

It was emblazoned in the hearts and minds of our countrymen. Here it was first brought into being, and its meaning fully comprehended. It has enriched us with independence, and we have become one of the world's greatest nations.

Liberty is the word with which the American colonies electrified the world. The freedom that it represented was to most people just a fanciful dream, despaired of everywhere. But here in this glorious America it was realized in all its pristine splendor.

The hardy fighting men of Rochambeau and the square-shouldered sailors of De Grasse—they who helped fight for our liberty—and also the well equipped soldiers of Burgoyne and Cornwallis went back to Europe to tell the world that free men could be found in this new land, and people everywhere in all countries have been freer since that day.

This nation owes its very existence to an eternal heartfelt craving for liberty. It was

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IS LIBERTY—
We Stand For

Bernarr Macfadden

that insatiable desire which gave us the conquering spirit that demanded the rights of free men now and forever.

Can we be blamed for choosing a name so weighted with human treasures? Liberty was the first and greatest prize sought by our pioneer ancestors. They suffered unspeakable horrors through persecution and prosecution, and liberty was a shining star which promised eternal relief. Under the duress of a tyrannical ruler this glorious privilege was denied our forefathers, and it was the one possession which they desired so intensely that they were willing to be stripped of almost everything else to attain it.

Men must be free. They cannot be inspired when a rigid enslavement enshackles their every act and word.

It was the stimulating significance of that wonderful word, liberty, that carried Washington through seven long years of war. During all that perilous period he could never depend on supplies and replacements, and it was his anticipation of the inspiring possessions brought by liberty that created his indomitable will, and stimulated the philosophical mind of Jefferson to help build a nation on the votes of all the people.

It was the glorious future offered us through liberty that inspired Lincoln with the courage and strength so important in the conduct of our Civil War. It was then his one dominating desire to maintain this nation as a harmonious union.

The Liberty Bell in Independence Hall at Philadelphia is more than a cracked tocsin.

That bell is a shrine that stirs the emotions of every American, and as long as this blessed privilege of liberty is with us, this bell will peal in the hearts and souls of Americans who appreciate these invaluable blessings.

Notwithstanding the dangers that hang over us . . . foreign isms and crack-brained experimenters on the inside . . . war on the outside . . . our horizons are clearly defined because of our love of the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution through the wisdom of our forefathers.

Some of us may not thoroughly comprehend the value of these divinely guided governmental principles, but the justice of their application cannot be questioned.

The flag of American liberty has been introduced to people throughout the world, and those that fully grasp the significance of this marvelous emblem are inspired and improved by the ideals it represents.

Our name is Liberty! It symbolizes all that our forefathers fought to get, all that our descendants will fight to keep.

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countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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THE PRICE OF PEACE

An Authorized Publication of His Views, from

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

My father and brother had qualifications far greater than I for the highest office of Premiership, but I look upon my position today as a continuation, perhaps I might say a consummation, of their lifework.

I entered on my duties at an age when most people would think of retiring from active work.

I do not think it is the long hours or the hard work that form the most alarming aspect of the duties of a Prime Minister.

It is rather the knowledge that in all the perplexities and the problems which rise up day after day in front of any Government in these troublous times the ultimate responsibility of the final decision must rest upon the shoulders of the Prime Minister.

No major point of policy can be decided, no real fateful step can be taken without the assent, either active or passive, of the Prime Minister, and if things go wrong he can never escape the reflection: I might have prevented this if I had thought or acted differently.

I believe it is that ultimate and inescapable responsibility which is the real root of the anxieties which have worn down the energies of our recent Prime Ministers.

I have the good fortune to be able to count upon the assistance of a lady whose affection and understanding have for many years made all my troubles seem light.

She has shared all my plans; she has been privy to all my secrets; she has never divulged one.

She has rejoiced in my successes, she has encouraged me in my disappointments, she has guided me with her counsel, she has warned me off dangerous courses, and she has never allowed me to forget the humanity that underlies all politics.

I did not seek to enter the House of Commons when I was nearly fifty years of age because I had idle time on my hands that I did not know how to fill up.

I went because I was brought up in a house where public service seemed to be a natural part of a man's life.

And I should be unhappy if I were deprived of the opportunity of doing public service so long as I have power to perform it.

I was reading a very interesting book the other day. The writer, after discussing the credibility of vari-

BY NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

Papers and Addresses of England's Prime Minister

ous theories on future life, expressed his opinion that the really incredible thing was life itself, and that the greatest miracle was man's existence in the world.

I suppose I have got so used to man being here that I can hardly imagine the world without him.

But I know what is a really incredible thing, and that is that *I* should be occupying the office which at present I hold.

I remember that Mr. Gladstone used to say that the politician who entered the House of Commons after he was forty could no more make a success of his career than a lady of the same age who started to be a ballet dancer.

I suppose the popular view would be that Cabinet Ministers, like generals, should be young; but there is something to be said on the other side.

I am tempted to recall a Chinese proverb--at least it was said to be Chinese—that used to be quoted by a famous admiral in defense of old men in office.

This is the proverb: "One decrepit camel still bears the burden of many asses."

I always think that a man's character and principles are influenced very largely by his upbringing.

Children generally model themselves on the standards that they see adopted by their elders, especially if they know that those elders are generally respected.

I was brought up in a household where we were taught the importance of telling the truth even though we got into trouble in doing so.

Perhaps that is a reason why I have developed this habit of plainly saying what I believe to be true.

Another rule of conduct which was also impressed on me when I was young was that you should never promise anything that you did not think you were able to perform.

But there was something else in the example of my father's life which impressed me very deeply when I was a young man, and which has greatly influenced me since I took up a public career.

It was my observance of his deep sympathy with the working classes and his intense desire to better their lot which inspired me with an ambition to do something in my turn to afford better help to the working people and better opportunities for the enjoyment of life.

At first I thought anything I could do in that direction would be done locally in serving on the Council of my native city; but when afterwards I decided to enter upon national politics, the background was still the same, and I have not yet lost sight of it.

To me, the very idea that the hard-won savings of our people, which ought to be devoted to the alleviation of suffering, to the opening out of fresh institutions and recreations, to the care of the old, to the development of the minds and bodies of the young—the thought that these savings should have to be dissipated upon the construction of weapons of war is hateful and damnable.

Yet I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that under the present conditions of the world we have no alternative but to go on with it, because it is the very breath of our British being, our freedom itself, that is at stake.

Do not let us forget that this freedom has come down to us from the past, bought for us at a price.

If we wish to keep it we must pay the interest on that price in each succeeding generation.

We pass no judgment upon the political systems of other countries, but neither Fascism nor Communism is in harmony with our temperament and creed.

And yet, whatever differences there may be between us and other nations on that subject, do not forget that we are all members of the human race and subject to the like passions and affections and fears and desires.

There must be something in common between us if we can find it, and perhaps by our very aloofness from the rest of Europe we may have some special part to play as conciliator and mediator.

An ancient historian once wrote of the Greeks that they had made gentle the life of the world.

I do not know whether in these modern days it is possible for any nation to emulate the example of the Greeks, but I can imagine no nobler ambition for an English statesman than to win the same tribute for his own country. I believe in liberty. Without it there can be no true democracy.

For the preservation of democracy I would fight myself, and I believe the people of this country would fight.

Were Britain attacked, she would know how to defend herself—as she always has done in the past.

But our present program of defense is the surest way of avoiding the dread necessity of fighting at all.

THE END

YES, BURN YOUR BRIDGES!

BY BETTE DAVIS

READING TIME
9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Here's daring advice to youth from a

Bette Davis, Hollywood's poised and glamorous star, was once a self-conscious girl, afraid of smiling.

EVER since you were a child you've heard the warning of your elders: "Don't burn your bridges behind you. You never know when you may want to go back."

But after having had to live the most vital ten years of my life on quite a different basis, I say, *Burn your bridges!* That is, if you really want to be a success. It's the best way I know of *not* going back.

Don't leave yourself any avenue of retreat. No comforting alibis or faithful stand-bys, such as the old job back again, just "in case" you don't like the new path or are not making a go of it. Instead of securing your position, as you think, you'll be weakening it inestimably.

I can remember when I burned my first big bridge. I was just finishing a run in Solid South with Richard Bennett. For two years picture offers had been cropping up, but I had steadfastly refused the idea of Hollywood.

Why? Fear, of course. I knew all too well how many budding young Broadway things had tripped out to the movie capital with visions of embedding themselves in the firmament of stars, only to land on a nice reserved upper shelf of some company's darkroom. What was to prevent my landing there?

There was the additional consideration of finances. How long, given a bad run of luck, could I sustain myself, my mother, and my sister? Had I the right to risk their welfare?

Or was I using all of these as alibis to cover a deeper reason? Was the underlying explanation for my Hollywood qualms the fact that I was horribly camera-shy? All my life I'd had a phobia about standing in front of a camera, probably because of my saucer eyes, and long neck, and teeth that had been a constant struggle to straighten. Think what a professional life of living in front of a lens would mean to such a person.

I finally decided the last was the honest answer, and the others were just fine-sounding dodges; that, if for no other reason than licking the coward inside of me, I'd better accept Universal's offer.

When the time came for my test, I walked in front of the camera and fell in a dead faint on the floor! Sheer fright. The absurdity of the whole thing—that any one who could shout her lungs out before a thousand people without turning a hair should pass out cold at the sight of a little ground glass in a black box—generated a fury in me that was better than any spirits of ammonia. Raging mad, I picked myself up, asked the pardon of the astounded crew, and proceeded with the test. From that day to this I haven't repeated the performance. The fright seemed to get out of my system in that one cataclysmal moment. So there was one bridge well burned.

But no, say our elders, don't be too hasty. You may want to go back.

Well, who wants to go back? I'll tell you. The failures. The people, for instance, who are terrified when a chance comes to go on into a new and exciting kind of work that they have never done before. They make a great show of going on, but all the while they're doing a lot of roadwork on the path that leads to the past—old friends, old associations, old work. They devote so much creative energy to preparing a soft bed to land on in the event they're kicked out of the new job that they haven't enough energy left to make a success of it. So they hurriedly fail in the new field and turn with a sigh of relief to the road back.

Poor things. If only they knew, if only we could all realize, there isn't any road back. We may fondly believe it leads back through the old familiar places, but we don't stop to reckon that it can, at best, be but a parallel course, like a mountain trail that doubles back on itself in hairpin turns, and the road itself may be rough and dangerous, leading to the swamps below.

I remember when I was headed for the swamps below after my first unhappy year in Hollywood. The option on my contract was up and Universal was letting it drop.

Not that I blame Universal. If I had been Carl Laemmle I should have done just what he did—can me. In fact had I been confronted with what faced him when I walked on the set for my first picture I would have stopped the cameras and sent for the accident insurance. Think of it. In a town where beauty is the Ten Commandments I dared to appear without a scrap of make-up on my face or an inch of curl in my hair! I did more than dare; I flatly refused to appear any other way. The part I was to take was that of a wallflower, and I maintained it should be clearly evident why I was a wallflower. It was!

I remained a sort of studio wallflower; wouldn't make friends, wouldn't even smile—again on account of my teeth—until one bright and shiny day Ray Jones told me a funny story and snapped a picture of the result.

"There!" he announced, slapping the photograph down in front of me two days later. "Do you see why I want you to smile?"

The hour had struck for me at Universal. I was on the road back, but I wasn't deluding myself with the idea that it was the same one on which I came out. This time there was a perceptible drop in the trail. Suddenly I realized I had actually fought to fail! Wouldn't do this, wouldn't do that, wouldn't do the other. And what a lot of energy those wouldn'ts had taken! I could have succeeded with half of what it took to fail!

Then, why not succeed instead of fail?

Once before, when I was sixteen, I had learned the bitter lesson that failure is a costly device. It was after Eva Le Gallienne turned me down for her Manhattan Civic Repertory School because I wasn't sincere enough in my attitude toward the theater. You couldn't appreciate what that pronunciamento meant to me without knowing that on the strength of my faith in my career, my mother had cut away family ties (speaking of burning bridges!) to be with me and lend her support. It meant the end of help to us from my father's side. His family was unalterably opposed to any such wildcat scheme. There was no going back for her. But I wasn't any good. America's top-ranking actress had said so. Every door in life, I felt, was closed to me. How was I to make it up to mother for her sacrifice?

star who knows — because she's tried it

What happened was that mother, as usual, made it up to me. Undaunted by the unpromising situation, she struck up into Connecticut and took over a photograph studio. Due to her industry, the little studio kept our bodies and souls glued together while I lay in a complete funk for six months, trying to get my scattered bearings; the six blackest, blankest months of my life.

There and then I learned life doesn't like failures. You're out of line, and it keeps pushing and kicking you, trying to force you back into the groove that lands all the balls in the winning pocket.

Again it was mother who found the groove. At the end of six months she took a long look at her daughter and said, "I think we'll go to John Murray Anderson's Dramatic School in New York." She earned my tuition by taking a job in a girls' school.

But how, reverting to my Universal dilemma, was I to turn failure into success at this late date? Everything was over but the whistle of the train going back East. It was then that I asked for my chance to do a good job. Asked and *asked!* ". . . and ye shall receive." When the miracle of George Arliss' requesting me for The Man Who Played God came to pass on the eve of my departure from Hollywood, I knew I had "received."

Take my word, it's a lot easier to succeed than to fail—and I've done both. You have to fight all the time to maintain failure. You have to withstand a hundred depressing thoughts a day. You have to contend with the humiliation, not to mention the actual physical deprivation, of being broke. No, thanks; not for mine.

Success, on the other hand, carries you along on its own momentum. Once the hard part of getting it started is over, it generates its own power as it goes. It's stimulating, exciting.

I don't mean to say that all you have to do for success is open the window and let it fly in. It doesn't come unasked, unearned, unimpeded. You sweat; in any walk of life you sweat for it. You rack your wits for it and take some terrible chances for it. You slash out the back roads and hang yourself out on the end of any number of limbs for it.

(And still I say it's easier than failure!)

I REMEMBER one limb of mine that reached all the way across the Atlantic and dangled me in England. When I walked up the gangplank of the Empress of India, I knew there was no turning back. Yet there was a great and abiding virtue in the very finality of the situation. It ended the agonizing indecision, and I have observed that indecision is a most dangerous mental luxury. Mulling over the pros and cons, and trying to figure out what would happen if you followed this course or that course, produces a sort of brain jam—which requires something in the nature of T. N. T. to dynamite it into action again.

So I've worked out a routine for handling decisions on important matters: *Think it out as clearly as you can, do it, and drop it.*

The most important of these is to drop it. No one can be one hundred per cent right in all the decisions to be made throughout a lifetime. We're bound to make mistakes. But, by the simple process of dropping it, we *can* prevent a bad decision ruining the rest of our lives.

Before we leave entirely that limb that dangled me in England, I'd like to correct a statement attributed to me. That statement said that money was the root of the difficulty. On the contrary, I never at any time had an argument with my studio on anything but parts. You can rely on the source of this information.

But now you'll ask if I can honestly say the theory of burning one's bridges has worked in my own case. The answer is that I can. And, hazardous as is the practice of prescribing one's own remedies for another person's perplexities, I still have faith enough to want to pass the idea along for the help it can give.

Try it. Not on your biggest and most vital problem first. Try it on one of the lesser ones.

For instance, if you're a woman, maybe you've been in a funk over which dress to wear to an important party. Perhaps you've been thinking about it at odd moments for days, wasting unmeasured amounts of time and energy on it. Well, just line up the possible candidates and give yourself a maximum of ten minutes by the clock in which to decide. Believe me, dress or no dress, nothing is so important to you as breaking that habit of mental waste. After you've made your decision you'll find your mind will shoot on to other problems and tackle them with added vigor.

Or maybe you're a man, and the question isn't one of clothes, but of a job you'd give your eyeteeth for, if—Just hitch all those ifs together. Then touch a match to one end of the chain. As the fire leaps across the chasm below and you realize your uncertainties have gone up in smoke behind you, you'll feel a surge of new power. Then there's only one way open—AHEAD.

Don't burn your bridges behind you? A grandmother's tale for those who like to have their failures suitably sponsored.

I burned mine. Why not you?

And may you make a roaring success of it!

THE END

Once IT

Strange, memorable, challenging! . . The story of one who unlocked the secret of life—and found it was not enough

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

HE entered the church and sat down in one of the back pews. He had not come to pray; considered prayer—and faith—a surrender of his intelligence, an emotional escape. He had come merely because, walking up the Avenue for a breath of fresh air, he had felt faint. Not with pain, but with fear.

He withdrew his hand from his pocket and looked at it in the dim light.

His right hand: a cunning hand; a physician's hand. Last week, under the N ray out of control, it had suddenly shriveled, now hung limp and lifeless. He knew that, if not cut off, the newly formed cells at the junction of the healthy and shriveled parts would become cancerous and disperse throughout the body. It must be amputated at once. Tomorrow Angus Kerr would enter Roosevelt Hospital—would leave it a cripple.

"My personal sacrifice," he thought, slipping his hand back in the pocket, "to science."

BY ACHMED

Science was the god in whom he believed implicitly—with, had he known, a rather pathetic faith.

The other god? The one housed here in this church, on the glittering pomp of the altar and frescoed on the ceiling against the rose-and-turquoise background of winged angels?

Pah! What was he but a tribal deity of the ancients? A totem for silly, ignorant people who refused to look reality in the face! This god whom they worshiped here and to whom they droned their fatuous prayers was a mere dream, an unsubstantial and eviscerated illusion. A sane man had no illusions. And he, Angus M'Pherson Kerr, was sane straight through.

He had worked, keenly and soundly, all his life. First at Watson's, that great old Scottish school. Then at Edinburgh; the University of Paris; London. Finally a postgraduate course at Harvard. Getting his M. D. and Ph. D. Days and nights of study and toil. Taking nothing—absolutely nothing—for granted until he had investigated it himself, convinced himself. So that today he was a great scientist; one of the greatest—he reflected with cold pride—even if his chance discovery of the N ray had never occurred.

For, he owned up, it *had* been chance, not the result of minute research. And, he mused, it was odd how, on that winter evening in his laboratory, he had held in his hand, so suddenly, the power—of life and death? He was not yet sure. Sure, though, that it spelled an amazing rejuvenation of life. Sure that ultimately it would divulge to him the secret of life itself; would allow him—and in-

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

HAPPENED

stinctively he gave a little shudder at the thought—to create life.

But that was still in the future. What he already had was good enough to start with; would put him above Lister, Koch, Pasteur, Mme. Curie. Besides, it would give him all the money he needed to continue his experiments, since in his breast pocket was an offer from a leading pharmaceutical concern. Five hundred thousand dollars spot cash. Then royalties—and they would be enormous.

He glanced at the praying men and women. Doubtless they imagined that the Lord on the altar could bestow upon them the priceless gift of salvation.

Well—he, Angus M'Pherson Kerr, M. D., Ph. D., could bestow upon them a far more priceless gift.

This woman across the aisle, for instance. Sixty, if she was a day, flabby, raddled, her hair gray and brittle—why, he could make her thirty once more. And the middle-aged man over there—he could change him into his former self, a trim and elegant buck swinging down the Avenue and ogling the girls.

But he was not able—at least, not yet—to restore a thing utterly destroyed. Such as his own right hand.

Well—he would keep on experimenting. He would learn how to harness the ray completely; too, how to employ it in the remaking of limb or tissue. Though not soon enough for himself, since his hand was going to be amputated tomorrow by Professor Harlow Murchison. The same Harlow Murchison who had assisted him with the N-ray experiments until they had quarreled.

ABDULLAH

QUEER chap, Harlow Murchison. Finest surgeon in America. Yet as superstitious as any Highland crofter back home in Scotland.

Why, this afternoon, only a few hours ago—when, with Angus Kerr as interested spectator, he had finished operating on a badly wounded policeman—he had said to the latter's pretty young wife:

"I've done all I can. The rest is up to you. Pray! Pray to the greatest physician of them all. You'll find Him in any church between the Bowery and the Bronx."

Ridiculous to try this sort of poppycock on a man like himself, a thinking man, a great scientist. And that's what Harlow Murchison had done on that evening, some years ago, after Angus Kerr's first successful N-ray experiment. . . .

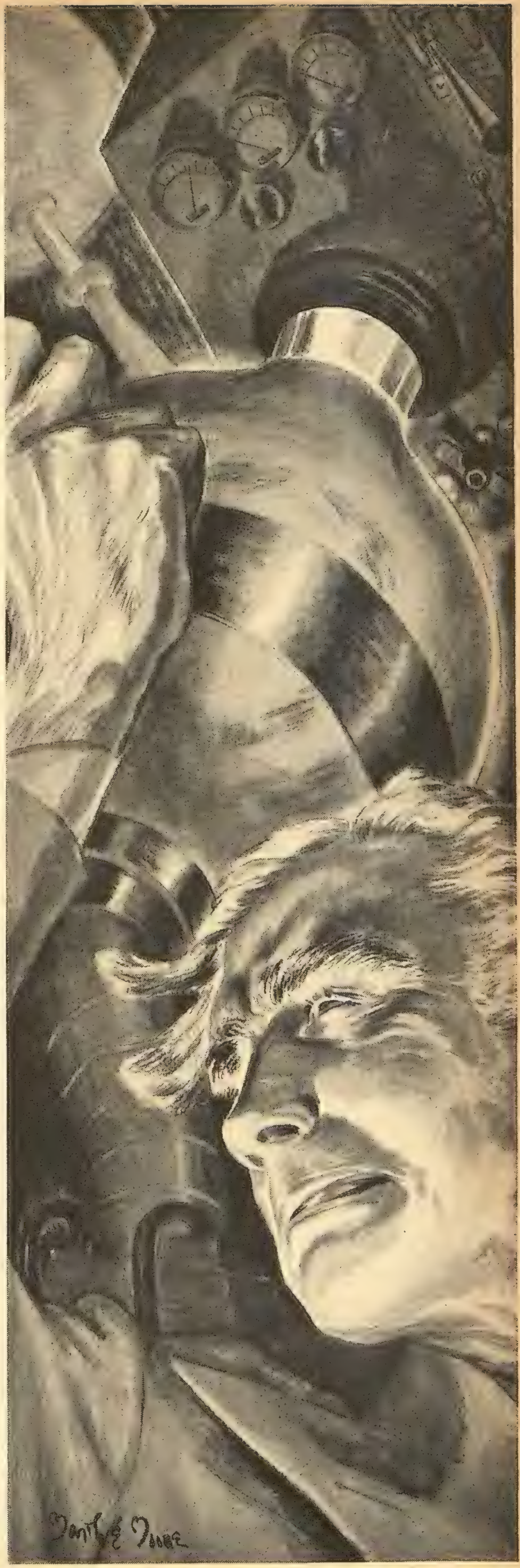
"Angus," Murchison had said, "this experiment of yours needs prayer. Otherwise it had better not be. You can rejuvenate the body. You've done it with an animal. And I don't doubt that ultimately you'll succeed with a human being. But by doing so, by thus altering the appointed life span of the individual, may you not, for all you know, change his character and harm his soul?"

"I," bluntly, "do not believe in the soul."

"And once," had been the soft rejoinder, "I heard of an egg, such an erudite Scotch egg, that had misgivings in the matter of the hen."

Angus Kerr had shrugged his shoulders, too angry to reply, while the other had continued:

"You're a great scientist. You've gone far. And you



"Show me Your power, O powerless symbol! Deliver me from evil—if You can! You can't!"

can go much farther. Here in this laboratory a wonderful truth has been revealed to you. And," sharply, "I use the word 'revealed'—mind you! God—in whom *I* believe—permits us, means for us, to find out. But He watches jealously how we treat what we do find out. Take your rejuvenation process. You must ask yourself, Are you doing good to mankind by putting it to practical use? Or are you, perhaps, doing harm?"

"Ye're talking like a Presbyterian minister."

"My father was one. So was yours." A short silence. "Our brains have been given to us by One greater than we only in order that we may serve—not ourselves, our vanity, but mankind. And, as we serve . . ."

"Brothers, let us pray!" Angus Kerr had interrupted with savage irony.

Harlow Murchison had stopped helping the other with his experiments, had turned more and more to surgery; while, in the months to come, Angus Kerr had devoted nearly all his time and energy to his researches, keeping on doggedly, stubbornly, almost bitterly.

It was no selfish conceit which drove him on. It was, on the contrary, his desire to help mankind. And if, in the beginning, in the probative, tentative stage of his experiments, he did not succeed, dealt out death instead of new life, well—defiantly—it could not be helped.

Those two crippled slum children, for instance, whose bones he had treated with direct application of the ray. He had succeeded in straightening out their fantastically twisted limbs. Then, within the month, they had died. But, in spite of it, it had not been a failure.

For it had helped him to correct an error in his formula. The children had been a sacrifice to science—as his own right hand was a sacrifice.

There were moments when, to better the scheme of life, one had to wipe it out completely before one could create a new and finer pattern. It was nothing but the proper balance and economy of nature.

That woman of fifty-eight, the first to take a strong dose of it, and who had shed her wrinkled skin and stood forth in youthful radiant beauty. A triumph—though afterward she had gone mad. In her lucid intervals she had begged to be made old again; to be—her curious words—"as old in my body as I am in my mind."

And that banker who, at seventy-two, had wanted to mate with twenty-six. The Elixir had made that possible. But the young wife? She had been fond of the man before the N-ray treatment—but, after the treatment, had recoiled from senility made over in a brand-new mold of youth. She had called on Angus Kerr. Had cursed him terribly. Had cried that, when she looked within her husband's soul—oh, thought Angus Kerr, why *would* people blab about the soul?—she had not found rich, passionate youth, but only the obscenities of an old satyr.

COME to think of it, the people whom he had treated seemed all to be unhappy after a while. Almost afraid. As if their new young bodies and their old minds did not dovetail, were—oh—at outs.

Well, he'd continue with his experiments and would notify the pharmaceutical concern to wait before marketing his Viva Elixir. He had not yet signed the contract; and there was only one copy of his formula—it was here, securely in his pocket.

He would take up the point with them as soon as he got out of Roosevelt Hospital. Which reminded him: It was getting late. He needed a good night's rest before the operation tomorrow.

Quite a shock, such an operation, for a man of his years. Suppose he should not be able to survive it, he who had still so many things to do in life, so many scientific discoveries to make . . .

The thought was bitter.

Bitter his heart as he looked at the worshipers. Fools! Fools all, with the droning prayers!

He could not make out the words. But he knew what they were.

"*But deliver us from evil . . .*"

It would be evil—his grim reflection—if he were to die. Evil if his active brain were stilled forever.

Yes—death was an evil thing. For it spelled a full stop, complete annihilation.

Yet, he recalled, his father, in explaining the Lord's Prayer, had said that what was meant by this passage was not the evil of dying but the evil of living. The old clergyman, on his deathbed, had turned to his weeping wife and son, telling them not to worry, for there was in Holy Scripture one saying above all other sayings—a saying that had given hope and comfort to uncounted millions. He had quoted it:

"*For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*"

ANGUS KERR sighed. His own lost youth in the memory of his father's words. His own lost faith. Faith. A meaningless thing—as the soul was a meaningless thing. There were only facts. Facts clean as the snow, strong as the sea, naked as an unsheathed knife, and—with, again, the thought of the morrow, the operation, occurring to him—terrible as an army with banners.

Terrible the fact that he might not survive the operation; that, even if he did, he would be a cripple. And all at once he was conscious, deep within him, of rebellion at his fate; and with rebellion came panic; and—he being a strong, violent man—with panic came blind rage.

He stared at the altar.

Inside his soul—the soul which he denied and ridiculed—he screamed:

"Show me Your power, O powerless symbol! Deliver me from evil—if You can! You can't! You can't! Pah—I have more power than You! I, at least, can rejuvenate life! And You can do nothing—nothing . . ."

And, with horrible mockery, the scream in his soul rising to a hysterical pitch:

"Deliver me from evil—from the evil of being a cripple! Why don't You? Oh—why don't You?"

And then with actual spoken words, in a thin, cracked, tremulous voice with an undertone of sobbing pain:

"Oh—why don't You . . .?"

His forehead was moist with icy sweat. He took out his handkerchief to wipe it—and he gave a start.

His right hand—he had used it!

Why—it was shriveled, limp, lifeless.

He—he *could* not have used it!

And yet, here it was—his right hand. Still clutching the handkerchief with strength. The warm blood coursing through it tinglingly. The fingers moving, moving . . .

He was conscious, the next moment, of something in the secret inner recesses of his being; a flaming hope and prophecy, as of a nameless and radiant ecstasy which invaded him.

Then he pulled himself together. He shook his head.

A—a miracle?

No, no! he told himself, with all his dour Aberdeen stubbornness. Miracles were superstitions. Perhaps a retroactive quality in the N ray had cured as suddenly as it had shriveled.

That must be it. Tomorrow morning, in his laboratory, he would begin the proper experiments.

He got up. He walked down the aisle. He smiled—a rather embarrassed, rather self-conscious smile—as, with his right hand, he took the formula of his rejuvenating discovery out of his pocket, took out the letter from the pharmaceutical concern, tore up both and dropped the pieces on the tessellated marble floor.

The pieces fluttered about. An usher hurried up; said to him in a whisper:

"What's the idea—throwing bits of paper about in the house of God . . .?"

Angus Kerr looked at the other.

"It's the verra thing for the house of God," he replied in his broadest Scots. "Ye see—ye might call it my personal offering, man."

And he went toward the door. He told himself that life was out there, calling to him, waiting for him. Work was waiting for him. Some great scientific work. Some unselfish work. Something—oh—tower-high above pride and conceit and greed. Something—oh, yes! the almost triumphant thought—to bless the race of man and praise the Lord thereby.

THE END

THE Devil On Ice

The story of a famous dynasty in the fastest sport. Meet the Patricks!

BY JERRY D. LEWIS

Business executive Curtis Lester Patrick, and the Silver Fox of hockey in his more familiar role.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

APRIL in Paris spells romance. April in Hollywood means option time again. April in New York means that the Yankees and the Giants are starting another quest for the major-league pennants. But April in Montreal means something else again. There it means that Stanley Cup time has arrived.

April, 1928, found the Montreal Maroons and the New York Rangers battling through hockey's ludicrous play-off system to the finals, where they met for the world's championship.

In the second game, Lorne Chabot, the Ranger goalie, caught a whistling puck between the eyes and was rendered *hors de combat*.

In hockey extra goalies are a luxury no team affords itself. Injuries to goal tenders are as rare as technicolor shots of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. The Rangers thus found themselves in the World Series of hockey without a substitute for their injured mate.

There was only one thing to do. The manager of the Rangers did it. Never having played goalie before, and having been retired from active rink service for three years, the manager nevertheless went into the nets and held the Maroons to one goal. Since his boys had the presence of mind to score twice, the New Yorkers won the game, 2 to 1. That is tantamount to having Manager Joe McCarthy go in as a relief pitcher for the Yankees in the World Series and pitch a one-run game. The manager who went into the nets for the Rangers was Curtis Lester Patrick, better known to sports-page readers as just Lester Patrick or the Silver Fox.

To Lester that was just another night's work. No mock heroics mar his matter-of-fact recitation. "What else was there to do? We couldn't forfeit the game, could we? And I didn't want to put any of the boys in as goalie. None of them had ever played that position, and if they had gone in and looked bad the papers might have been unkind to them. I had no alternative."

What manner of man is this who manages a professional hockey team, who has no fear of personal injury, yet who is afraid that the "papers" might say something unkind about one of his boys?

Curtis Lester Patrick came into the world amid a clattering of bells and general hilarity on the part of the citizens of Drummondville, Quebec. It was New Year's Eve, 1884.

When he was nine years old the Patricks moved to Westmount. There young Lester saw hockey for the first time. Not at a rink but on a corner lot which the neighborhood kids had flooded and allowed to freeze. They played without any of the fancy trappings—i. e., leg protectors, helmets, etc.—and a tin can was generally the puck. And within a few years Lester was one of Canada's outstanding players.

Hockey, like football in the United States, up to a few short years ago was almost exclusively an amateur sport. The Stanley Cup in those days was awarded to the winner of the series between the top teams of the Eastern Canadian Hockey Association and the Federal League—both amateur organizations.

Ottawa's Silver Seven was Canada's wonder team. They had won three Stanley Cup finals in succession, an unheard-of skein of triumphs, when Lester Patrick and the Montreal Wanderers ran into them in the 1906 matches. Patrick sealed the series as a personal triumph by scoring twice in the final three minutes to win the deciding game.

For three years Patrick kept the Wanderers on top of the hockey heap. At the end of that time the family moved westward to the lumber regions of British Columbia. Now twenty-four years old, Lester decided to give up playing amateur hockey and go into business with his dad. That also meant quitting McGill University, but he decided he could learn more from his dad.

There were forces at work, however, which were to prevent the fruition of his plans. The two hockey leagues went to war against each other that year, and the result was that two new circuits supplanted the old—the National Hockey Association and the Canadian Hockey Association. Both leagues promptly launched a bitter war for talent, and salaries skyrocketed to startling figures. (Salaries are paid to amateurs in hockey under the guise of "living expenses.")

Lester was living in Nelson, British

Columbia, with the rest of the family, and playing any more serious hockey was farthest from his mind. One day he received a wire from the manager of a newly formed team in Renfrew, a boom mining town in Ontario, asking him to name his terms for playing a short season of eight games. Busily engaged in his dad's lumber business, Lester didn't want to play professional hockey. But he thought that the Renfrew manager was at least entitled to the courtesy of a reply, and he felt that the simplest method of saying " no " was to put an impossible price on his services. So he wired:

CANNOT CONSIDER LESS THAN THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR EIGHT GAMES

Imagine his astonishment when his terms were promptly accepted! Lester still didn't want to go. Yet he couldn't renege after they had taken him up on his offer. So he wired:

WILL NOT REPORT TO RENFREW WITHOUT BROTHER FRANK STOP HIS PRICE TWENTY FIVE HUNDRED FOR EIGHT GAMES

When the Renfrew team met those terms, Lester was stuck. He grabbed brother Frank, two years his junior, and they boarded an eastbound train. They played for the Renfrew Millionaires (it's easy to see how they got that nickname, isn't it?) that season at the two highest salaries ever paid hockey players up to that time. By now, neither Lester nor Frank had any idea of returning to the lumber business. With their combined new-found wealth and some money borrowed from their father, they built rinks in Vancouver and Victoria. Seattle already had one, and with those three towns as a nucleus they formed the Pacific Coast Hockey League.

The two played in and managed the league until 1926. In that year New York, Chicago, Boston, and other United States cities became hockey-conscious, but they didn't have the talent in the National Hockey League to spread around through those places. There was but one solution to the league's problem. That was to buy out the holdings of the Patrick brothers on the Pacific Coast and bring the cream of the crop of players back East. Frank and Lester sold out for $350,000 cash.

Lester decided once more that he was through with hockey. He had enough money now. And hockey was no sport to be in unless you could play yourself. But a few weeks later Lester got a wire from Madison Square Garden asking him how much he wanted to manage the New York Rangers. Here again he was in a spot where he didn't want to antagonize any one, but he definitely didn't want the job. So he wired back asking for $15,000, more than any one had ever received up to that time. History repeated, and the Madison Square Garden immediately accepted.

LESTER came East, and found himself in the position of an intruder. The New York Americans had already been in the Garden as tenants for a year. They weren't particularly good, but they were popular. Lester went to John S. Hammond, managing director of the Garden, and said: " I won't manage the Rangers unless I can manage a good team. Let me get the players I want, and I'll make New York forget that we came after the Americans. The only way to make them forget is to give them a winner."

Hammond gave him an O. K. to go ahead, and he secured the six men who were to make hockey history. Frank Boucher, Bill Cook, Bun Cook, Murray Murdoch, Ching Johnson, and Lorne Chabot donned red-and-blue uniforms, and before two years had gone by the Rangers ruled the hockey world, marking the first time a New York team—or a team from anywhere outside Canada, for that matter—had ever won the Stanley Cup.

Since then he has won one other cup finals for Gotham (1933), and has piled up the remarkable record of having been shut out of the play-offs only once since the team was founded! Lester is remarkable in that he is a great leader who sees things not only from the players' and coaches' standpoints but also from the angle of the folks who pay the freight, the cash customers. He is constantly trying to inject innovations into the game which will speed it up and add a little color. Most of the rule changes during the past few years have been the result of Patrick's suggestions.

Lester is in love with hockey. He says that if he had his life to live over again he'd be a criminal lawyer, but he wouldn't. He'd do the same thing he's done. He will defend either the game or its players at the drop of a hint. " Brains," he says, " play a bigger part in hockey than they do in any other sport. This is a game for smart fellows. You don't find any hill-billies in hockey's major leagues. The best front line I ever saw was on my own team—the two Cooks and Frank Boucher. And they were the best because they were the smartest.

" Hockey has a reputation of being a rough, tough game. I've seen kids take worse beatings playing one game of football than a hockey player will be called upon to take in a year. The Cooks and Boucher weren't big or strong enough to overpower you, but they knew all the tricks, they were clever stick handlers, great skaters, and, most important, they had almost perfect eyes."

HE does not hold skull practices in the manner of other coaches who tell their charges what to do and what not to do. Patrick's skull sessions are called confession nights. Each player gets up and confesses his worst mistakes of the night before. " It makes them remember their mistakes better, and they're likely to avoid repeating the same errors," Patrick says in defense of his method.

Lester Patrick has two sons, Lynn and Murray, on the Rangers. He was dead set against Lynn's coming to play on the Rangers. When the youngster first reported, Lester took him into the private office and said:

" If you're going to play big-league hockey for me, you're not to expect any the best of it. If you make good with the Rangers, it's going to be the hard way. You might as well know now that if it weren't for Bill Cook and Frank Boucher insisting that they see promise in you I wouldn't give you a chance. Because I'm your father you'll find the going tougher for you, not easier. The public will accuse me of favoritism and take it out on both of us. But I'll take it out on you. Remember: You're a hockey player first, and my son second."

Lester was right. The public did take it out on both of them. But the kid came through. Today he is a regular—because he rates being a regular. You can bet on that. There have been kind words for several players between periods of tough games, but never for either Lynn or Murray. Both admit the nicest thing they ever heard from their father in a dressing room was silence.

Three years ago the great team that Lester brought to New York in 1926 started to come apart at the seams. Hockey, if not the roughest, is without question the fastest of the sports, and ten years is a long, long time for a team to keep together. Getting replacements was tougher than getting a passkey to the United States Mint. So Lester adopted baseball's " farm system " idea.

He opened a hockey school in Winnepeg for youngsters. A score of hopefuls from the prairie country in Western Canada, recommended by Patrick's friends, were invited to attend. There Patrick drilled, lectured, and tutored his young flock in the fundamentals of hockey.

Few thought Lester could find replacements in time, but after one year as amateurs, and another in the minor leagues, the Colville brothers, Alex Shibicky, Joe Cooper, and Babe Pratt were graduated to the Rangers. All five were members of that first group at Winnipeg!

Today Lester not only manages the Rangers but also supervises the running of the Rovers, an amateur team, and the Philadelphia Ramblers, a minor-league club. Both are Ranger " farm " teams.

At one time, back in 1926, Lester was worth a couple of million dollars. Then came the depression. Now he is comfortably fixed, making about $25,000 a year.

In appearance, he is tall and lean, and blue eyes light his long thin face. His hair is gray, almost white.

Into each pastime there comes one man who goes down in the annals as the number one man of his particular sport. Knute Rockne was such a man in football. John McGraw in baseball.

Lester Patrick is that man in hockey.

THE END

THAT'S MY STORY

First steps on an airway to glory—How a famous flyer discovered the sky

BY DOUGLAS "WRONG-WAY" CORRIGAN

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Douglas Corrigan, whose amazing aviation "mistake" made him famous, was born in Galveston, Texas, in 1907. His father, Clyde Corrigan, moved his little family to San Antonio in 1913, where he later abandoned them.

By the time the elder Corrigan disappeared there were two more children—Harry and Evelyn. Mrs. Corrigan, who had been a schoolteacher before her marriage, ran a roominghouse to support them. Douglas sold newspapers after school.

In 1919 Mrs. Corrigan moved her children to Los Angeles, where she thought there might be a better chance to make a good living. But a year later she became ill and had to go East to relatives. Douglas and Harry were invited by their father—who had remarried—to stay with him and his wife in New York. The boys enjoyed the excitement of the big city, but they were glad when word came that their mother was better and was taking them back to California.

Douglas now became the man of the family. He went to work in a bottling works for ten dollars a week, attending school a half day each week to keep his work permit. He was raised to fifteen, then eighteen dollars. And one momentous Saturday he brought home twenty-five.

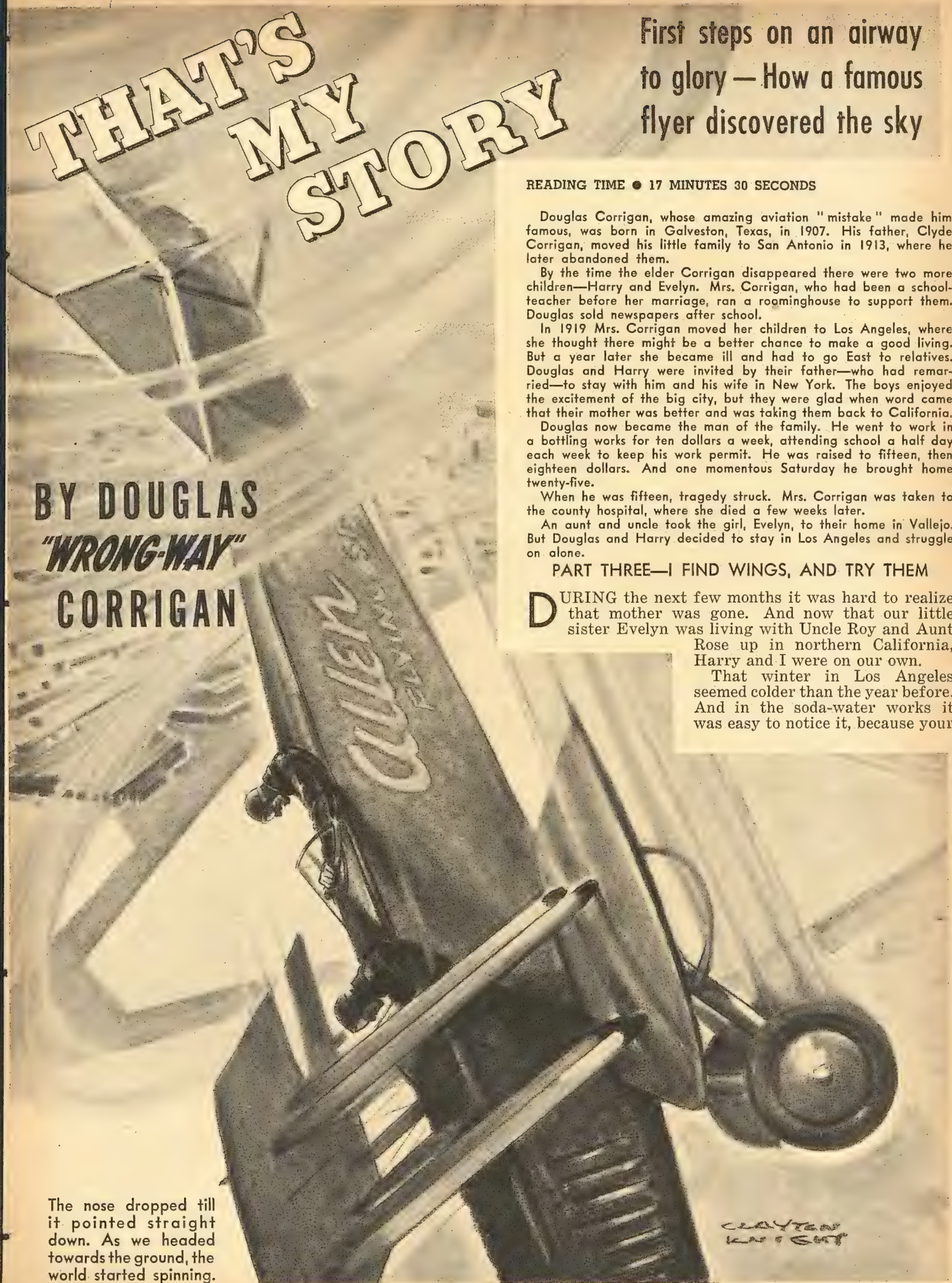
When he was fifteen, tragedy struck. Mrs. Corrigan was taken to the county hospital, where she died a few weeks later.

An aunt and uncle took the girl, Evelyn, to their home in Vallejo. But Douglas and Harry decided to stay in Los Angeles and struggle on alone.

PART THREE—I FIND WINGS, AND TRY THEM

DURING the next few months it was hard to realize that mother was gone. And now that our little sister Evelyn was living with Uncle Roy and Aunt Rose up in northern California, Harry and I were on our own.

That winter in Los Angeles seemed colder than the year before. And in the soda-water works it was easy to notice it, because your



The nose dropped till it pointed straight down. As we headed towards the ground, the world started spinning.

clothes were soaking wet from head to foot from morning till night.

I got one bad cold right after another and was developing a steady cough, so determined to get a job outdoors sometime soon. I decided to try to get a job building houses, as my father had done years before in San Antonio, so took up a correspondence course, to become an architect eventually. The first few weeks it was possible to finish a lesson almost every day, as everything was within the scope of what I had learned in the ninth grade in school, that being the highest that I reached before having to go to work permanently.

Finally things in the bottling plant got to where it seemed further advancement would be unlikely, so I quit and started out looking for a job in a lumberyard.

If a fellow was going to build houses, it seemed that the logical thing to do would be to learn something about lumber first.

In the next two weeks I tried over a dozen lumberyards, and they all agreed they could use a man—but not a sixteen-year-old boy — height five feet five inches, weight 110 pounds.

At the end of three weeks, I walked into the yards of the Los Angeles Lumber Company just after a fellow had quit his job on the sanding machine. When I asked the foreman for a job, he said I was too small, but that he would put me on for one day till he got another man.

Corrigan with J. B. Alexander, who sold him flying lessons.

The sanding machine was two big rollers, with sandpaper wrapped around them, which turned awful fast. One fellow stood on one side and started the boards through and the other fellow stood on the other side and grabbed them as fast as they came out and stacked them on a truck. The foreman came around several times during the day, and each time said to go faster. But that night he said he hadn't been able to find another man yet, so for me to come back the next day.

Well, the next day I worked faster yet and got my hands full of splinters but didn't stop to pull them out. The foreman came around again several times and said I was still too slow, but to show up again the next day as he still hadn't found another man. This went on for three weeks, with me getting faster every day, and with the foreman saying I was still too slow every day, and also with him not being able to find another man every day.

There is no telling how long this would have kept up if a contractor named Clarke, that I had previously asked for a job, hadn't come through the yard one day and said, "Say, aren't you the fellow that was out asking me for a job some time ago?" I admitted it was me. "Well, say, I been looking all over for you," he said, and asked me if I didn't want to get a job out in the pure air where I wouldn't have to breathe a lot of fine sawdust all day and where I could learn something besides how to take boards out of a sander.

I admitted that my ambition was to become a builder, so he said he'd arrange with the foreman to get me transferred, as this lumberyard was owned by the same company that he was construction superintendent for. Well, he found the foreman not far away and said to him, "That kid on the sander there is kind of small for that job, isn't he?" The foreman said, "Yeh, and he's slower than molasses in January, too." So Clarke said, "I need a boy to run errands and help with the office work out around the new houses. He'd be all right for that." The foreman admitted I probably would, and then said, "But I ain't got time to break in a new man just now." Clarke replied, "Well, I am going to hire him away from you." The foreman got mad and hollered, "No, you ain't! That kid's the fastest worker I ever had on the sander and I'm going to keep him." . . . Tsk, tsk, and him telling me all the time that I was too slow!

In a minute Clarke and the foreman were shouting and waving their fists under each other's noses and would've probably got to fighting if the manager hadn't walked out of the office. The manager told the foreman that I'd probably quit and go to work for Clarke anyhow. So the foreman agreed to let me go.

When I started working for Clarke, it was necessary to get up two hours earlier because I had to go out to the Baldwin Hills, where the investment company was building the houses. So, in order to get as much sleep as possible, I started going without breakfast. That was in 1923 and, except for a few special occasions, I have gone without breakfast ever since.

Harry and I moved into a furnished room with a small kitchenette and got our own meals—mostly out of cans. This was on Halldale Street, over a little closer to where I worked. The investment company was building houses on two tracts, one of them located just north of Inglewood and the other in View Heights, near Fifty-fourth Street and Mesa Drive—now called Crenshaw.

Every morning at seven it was my job to start out from the field construction office with the progress chart and an order book, and walk out among the hundred or more houses that were usually in construction.

On the progress chart I would write the date at which a certain stage of construction was finished. Also on the chart was the scheduled date for each stage of construction, so when I brought the chart back to the office, Clarke could look at it and see that each of the houses was up to date.

As I went my rounds I would also find out if the jobs were short any material. If they were short just a few pieces of lumber, I would carry some over from another job near by and write down the order for the material to be delivered to the job I had taken it from, but charged it to the job it was actually used on.

There were hundreds of different things to do every day, and hundreds of men to talk to about various parts of the construction. When I got several orders for material, I would go back to the field office and phone the various companies—sash and door, cement, roofing, plumbing, electrical, whichever was needed, and have them delivered.

After the first few months I got a bicycle to ride to work. It took longer than the streetcar but would save carfare, I thought.

One day, going home, I was riding along peacefully when a little kid on another bicycle turned out of a driveway and we ran together. Well, I went over the handle bars and slid on my face along the concrete pavement for about ten feet, grinding my nose to a point and breaking off a front tooth. The little kid wasn't hurt a bit. After the dentist pulled out the broken tooth it looked like the whole front of my face was open.

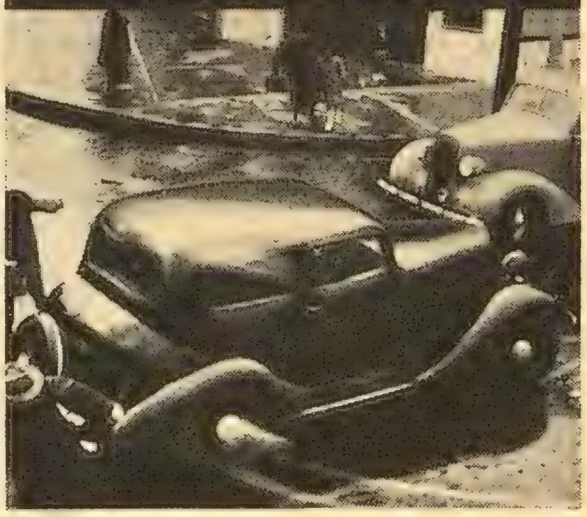
Harry took over the bicycle to deliver a paper route after school, and on two mornings each week we would both get up at 3 A. M., and deliver the shopping news until six. Then I would go to work and Harry would go to school. With my sixteen

(Continued on page 18)

WATCH OUT FOR THESE THIS WINTER!

1. STALLS!

2. SKIDS!



3. SHIVERS!

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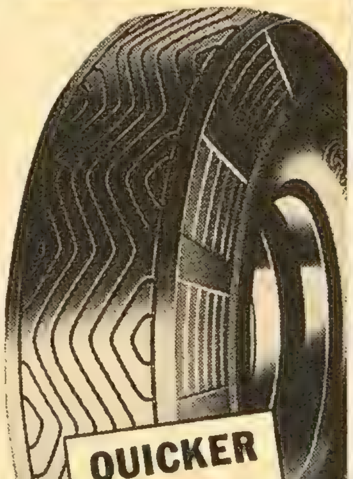
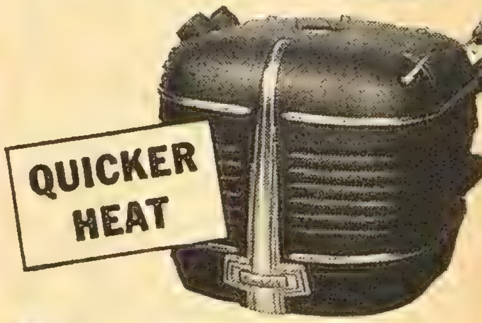
NEW KIND OF TIRE GIVES QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS YOU'VE EVER SEEN

● WET ROADS AHEAD! *Now* is the time to replace those smooth, dangerous tires with the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown. Its amazing Life-Saver Tread acts like a whole battery of windshield wipers—*sweeps wet roads dry*—stops you quicker, safer on a wet pavement than you've ever stopped before! Golden Ply blow-out protection, too. *No extra cost.*



***The New* Goodrich**
SAFETY Silvertown

New Twin-Fan Heater "Heat Conditions" Your Car Front and Back



● "Down draft" heat! *Two* fans instead of one! A complete *heat conditioning unit* that sends warmth down to the floorboards—up to the windshield defroster outlets—to the front seat—and out through the entire car.

***The New* Goodrich**
***Model "81"* Heater**

See Your Goodrich *Dealer*

FOR MONEY-SAVING, TROUBLE-SAVING PRODUCTS ALL YEAR 'ROUND · *Free Service*

(*Continued from page 16*) dollars a week and the four dollars a week from the paper route, we got along and even saved some money.

In 1924, when I was seventeen and Harry was sixteen years old, we bought a 1918 Dodge touring car. On Sundays we would drive. It cost more to run the car than I had figured, so I started going without lunch so as to always have gasoline money. At first my stomach used to feel kind of funny, but in just a few months I was getting along fine on one meal a day—that was supper. Shortly afterwards we sold the car anyhow.

During the first two years I was with the investment company they were turning out more than twelve houses a week; but in 1925 sales fell off to only five houses a week, so there wasn't so much to keep track of. They put me driving a truck and doing carpenter work part of the time. One evening I rode home with one of the carpenters named Goff. We were going up Mesa Drive, and as we got near Exposition Boulevard there came a big cloud of dust across the road ahead of us. As it wasn't windy, I pointed it out to Goff, and said, "Wonder what's causing that?" He said, "That's a new flying field." As we went past I saw an airplane at the other end of the field just leaving the ground.

Well, the next Sunday I decided to go out and look at the airplanes instead of reading a book or magazine, as I usually did evenings and Sundays. This airport was the northern end of an air line that ran one round trip every day between San Diego and Los Angeles—using a converted wartime standard biplane with a 150-horsepower Hispano-Suiza motor. It carried four passengers in a sort of cabin up front and the pilot was in an open cockpit in back. They also had a Curtiss JN4D open biplane that carried two people. It was used for teaching people to fly and had a ninety-horsepower Curtiss 0 x 5 motor. This was the type plane the army used during the war to train students.

The first Sunday, I stood around the field and didn't say anything but just watched everything. The field was just a place where the brush had been cleared away, and there was a small shed over on one side where they had a spare motor they worked on, and out by the road was a small one-room office with a porch on the front. There was no hangar, so they just put a canvas over the motor and tied the wings down to stakes at night so they wouldn't blow over if a strong wind came up.

THE second Sunday, I went out with two dollars and a half to take a ride and see what it was like. When I got there I decided to find out a little more about the planes, so went up to where a tall young man was standing, wearing a leather jacket, a pair of whipcord breeches, and a nice shiny pair of boots. The week before, I had noticed he seemed to be the manager, so I asked him what kind of planes they were, what kind of engines, how much the planes weighed, how old they were, and a lot of other questions. After I had heard all the answers I didn't know any more than before. Then I went over to where the pilot was talking with the mechanic and some other fellow. I listened to them for a while, but they were talking a language I couldn't understand. They were looking up and saying something about the ceiling—and here they were outdoors at the time, where there wasn't even a roof overhead, much less a ceiling.

That day they made a few more flights and nothing happened, which I thought was strange, because back in San Antonio during the war it seemed that every day we heard about airplanes busting up, one way or another. Well, finally, just before dark, I got up courage and said to the pilot, "I'd like to buy an airplane ride." We put on helmets and goggles, got into the Curtiss JN4D which they called a Jenny, and the mechanic spun the prop.

After the motor started we taxied out to the middle of the field, headed around into the wind, and the pilot opened the throttle. The plane rushed along at a terrific speed and left the ground in a gentle climb, after which it seemed to go slower and slower as we got higher up. I looked around and was surprised that it was possible to see so many things in just a short distance. We made a wide turn and headed toward the center of Los Angeles, which showed up very plain through the whirling propeller.

Looking to the left, I saw the Hollywood hills and the houses in between, especially those on West Adams Street, where the ground was higher and the houses were larger. Around behind was the glow of the setting sun reflecting off the glassy surface of the Pacific Ocean, and on the right were the Baldwin Hills.

The roar of the motor stopped as the pilot closed the throttle and nosed down for the landing. But there was still the whistle of the wind in the wires as the plane glided down, the sound disappearing just before the plane settled on the ground and bumped along till it came to a stop. After getting out and taking off the helmet and goggles, there was still a slight ringing in my ears, and it seemed like the flight had hardly started before we were back again.

I could hardly believe my watch when I looked and saw we had been up almost ten minutes. That night I walked home on air, and all during the next week, when driving the truck and working on the house construction jobs, my mind was still up in the air.

The next Sunday, October 25, 1925, I went to the field again, this time with five dollars to pay for a flying lesson. I had asked the manager, J. B. Alexander, how much it cost to learn to fly, and he had told me twenty dollars an hour, with fifteen minutes being the shortest lesson. So, after the pilot, George W. Allen, had explained what to do with the controls when he made various signals with his hands, we went up.

GEORGE was in the front cockpit of the Curtiss Jenny and I was in back, where it was possible to see when he made any motions with his hands. By moving the controls in the way he directed, it was easy to fly the plane, as the air was very smooth that day. After about fifteen minutes, George hollered back for me to put my hands on the edge of the cowling and my feet on the floor—that the plane was going to land. Well, all of a sudden the plane's nose pointed up in the air, then it turned over on its side and the nose dropped till it pointed straight down. As we headed down towards the ground, something happened. The whole world started spinning around. Then the thought came to me, Gosh, how are we ever going to land if the earth keeps turning around so fast?

Then suddenly the ground stopped turning and the nose of the plane came up level, and there we were, just above the telephone wires, gliding in to a landing on the field. We taxied up to the shack and got out, and I noticed the fellows watching me closely. I looked around and said, "Gee, are you fellows still here? With the world spinning around the way it was a few minutes ago I expected to find all the people shaken off of it. What happened?"

Well, I had been in a tail spin and hadn't even known it. All the fellows were disappointed when they saw it hadn't made me sick.

After that I took a fifteen-minute flying lesson every Sunday—except when the weather was bad or the plane wasn't running.

During the next fifteen months that I worked for the investment company, building houses, my ambition to become an architect got less and less and my ambition to become an airplane pilot got more and more.

Every Sunday when I went to the field to take my flying instruction I would hang around all day and help the mechanic put gasoline in the planes and work on the motors. His name was Donald Rossiter, but every one called him "Shorty." He was nineteen years old and not as tall as I, but weighed several pounds more, being quite huskily built, with brown eyes, light hair, and a face almost like mine, poor feller.

We looked so much alike that one day, as we were fitting crankshaft bearings on the spare motor, a friend of his asked us, "Aren't you two fellows brothers?"

Shorty looked around with a grin on his face and said, "Gosh, I don't know whether to take that as a compliment or an insult." Then I said, "It's a compliment to me." So Shorty replied, "Well, in that case, I guess I'll have to take it that way too." Shorty could keep such a straight face when telling a joke that over half the time I couldn't tell if he was kidding me or not.

One day we were putting some patches on the fabric of the under side of the Jenny (*Continued on page 20*)

LIE DETECTOR "TELLS ALL"..

REVEALS STARTLING FACTS ABOUT RAZOR BLADES!

Hundreds of Men from All Walks of Life Take Amazing Tests that Disclose Important Truths about Shaving

WHAT are the facts about razor-blade quality? That's what Gillette wanted to know. And that's why Gillette retained Dr. William Moulton Marston, eminent psychologist and originator of the famous Lie Detector, to conduct scientific tests that reveal the whole truth. Truck drivers, bank presidents... men in every walk of life... take part in this investigation. Strapped to the Lie Detector ...the same instrument used by police...these men shave while every reaction is measured and recorded.

Dr. William Moulton Marston

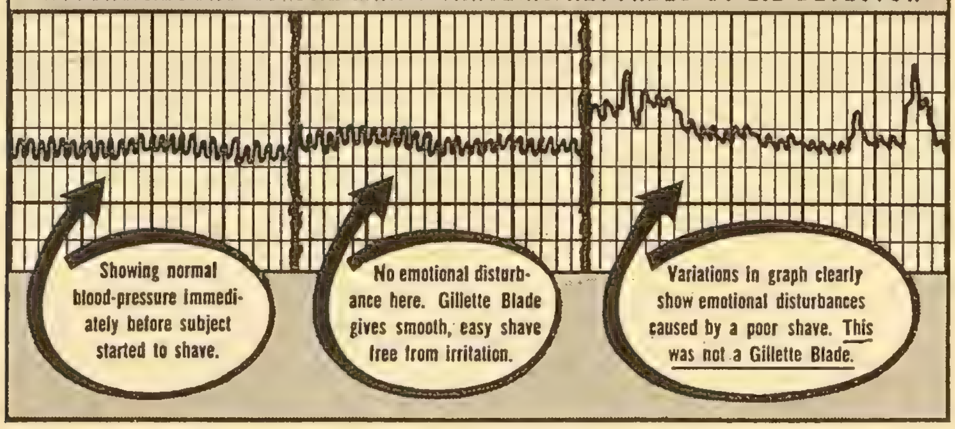
Results Are Amazing

Now, men, here are the facts: The Gillette Blade is proved superior in every respect to various blades competitively tested. You get shaves that are: (1) Easier. (2) Faster. (3) Free from emotional disturbances that can upset and irritate you for hours to come.

Read the whole story. Weigh the evidence. Then see for yourself. Try the Gillette Blade and learn what a big difference it makes when you shave with a blade that's precision-built to fit your razor exactly.

9 OUT OF 10 MEN TESTED BY DR. MARSTON EXPRESS PREFERENCE FOR GILLETTE BLADES. Not knowing which blade is which, each subject shaves one side of his face with a Gillette Blade . . . the other with a blade of competitive manufacture, while the Lie Detector charts the reactions. In 9 out of 10 cases, the shaver chooses Gillette as the superior blade. At the same time, the Lie Detector proves this blade is far easier on the face.

ACTUAL RECORD OF ONE MAN'S SHAVE AS RECORDED BY LIE DETECTOR



DR. MARSTON PROVES conclusively that a Gillette Blade is easier on your face and gives you closer shaves in much less time. Shown above (left) is a section of a man's face shaved with a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor, (right) another section shaved by another method.

Gillette
brushless
SHAVING CREAM

GILLETTE'S NEW BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM is better in five ways! (1) Softens whiskers double quick, (2) soothes the skin, (3) stays moist on your face, (4) speeds shaving and (5) never clogs razor or drains! Ask for Gillette Brushless—made with peanut oil. A large tube costs only 25¢!

ATTENTION! CONSUMER ORGANIZATIONS AND MEN EVERYWHERE

Dr. William Moulton Marston's scientific shaving tests are being conducted to reveal the truth about razor-blade quality. Gillette invites consumer organizations and individuals to observe—and participate in—this research. Address your inquiries to Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston, Mass.

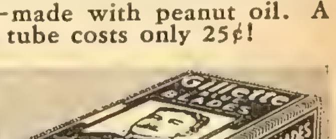
Now Let Dr. Marston Give You the Benefit of this Sweeping Investigation

"In conducting exhaustive shaving tests for Gillette I have discovered that the quality of a man's shave has a marked effect upon his mood and general attitude for hours to come. I cannot too strongly emphasize the importance of this.

Bad Shaves Upset Nerves!

"Many subjects who came to me in a cheerful frame of mind actually went out grouchy and irritable because they had shaved one side of their faces with inferior razor blades. This shows how vital it really is to use the best blades obtainable. The results of my study make it possible for me to state flatly... and back my statement with positive proof... that Gillette Blades are far superior in every respect to competitive blades tested."

Gillette *Blades*



PRECISION-MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY

(Continued from page 18)

wing and a few drops of the wing dope fell on my trousers. "Be careful," Shorty said, "or that stuff will eat holes in your pants." I moved over from under the patch, and then I happened to think, so I said, "How come it doesn't eat the fabric we're putting on the wing, then?" "Oh," replied Shorty, "this is pure Irish linen and your pants are cotton." And I believed him until about a week later, when I experimented with a piece of linen and a piece of cotton and found out it made no difference.

Another time we were putting a magneto together which had two horseshoe magnets instead of one, and Shorty told me to put the positive pole of one and the negative pole of the other on the same side of the frame. Of course it wouldn't give a spark. Shorty couldn't help laughing, so I realized he had fooled me again.

After I had been taking instructions a few weeks, another young fellow named Robert Hopkins started taking lessons on Sundays, too. Shorty, Bobby, and myself were all near the same age. We got to be good friends. George Allen, who was our instructor most of the time, was only a few years older than Shorty, Bobby, and I, but had been through the army flying school at San Antonio the year before, so was quite an experienced pilot.

The company, owned by B. F. Mahoney and T. C. Ryan, that ran the field and the air line between Los Angeles and San Diego had been working for several months on the construction of a new monoplane of their own design, and one Sunday they flew it up to Los Angeles for the first time. Of course there was quite a crowd of people at the field, all grouped around the new airplane, called the M. I., which was a high-wing monoplane of thirty-six-foot wing span and powered with the Curtiss 0 x 5 ninety-horsepower motor.

George Allen had been based down at San Diego for the past few Sundays, and an ex-navy pilot named J. J. "Red" Harrigan had been my instructor for the last few lessons. As I walked on the field, Red said, "Come on, Doug. Let's go up now, as I'll have to fly the new ship later and may not find time to take you up."

So we got in the Jenny and he rode in the front as I took the plane up and then came back and landed on the field, making several flights. When the plane rolled to a stop after the third landing, he got out and said to me, "Now go up and do everything just like you've been doing this morning, only be sure to land way down the field, so as not to get close to the crowd around the new ship." Then he walked off and I began to realize that he wanted me to go up alone.

I looked after him to see if maybe he was going to turn around and walk back. But he kept going, so I looked out over the nose of the plane and opened the throttle and took off. Here I was up in the air alone at last. I sure had my life in my own hands now all right.

Well, I made the turn and everything on this flight just like the others that morning and came in way down at the end of the field, making a perfect landing. Red came running over and said, "That was just right, Doug, old boy."

That was the biggest day in my life and always to be remembered—March 25, 1926. From now on I was a pilot, not just a student. It had come as a complete surprise to me, because, though I had been taking lessons every Sunday for five months, I had had but four and one half hours of dual instruction. And what a big crowd of people had seen me solo, I thought. Until that evening, when I was standing by the office and Mrs. Alexander said, "Aren't you going up today, Doug?"

"Going up today? Why, I soloed today!" I said.

She answered, "Oh, I'm sorry. We were all so interested in the new plane that we didn't notice any other flying, I guess."

That meant the others hadn't seen me solo either. But even though no one else knew about it, I knew it, and that's all that counted. So I was happy.

Next week the budding flyer tries his wings again. Read about his hazardous adventures in the air, the part he played in building a certain history-making plane, and his thrilling meeting with his hero of heroes.

☆ Two-Minute Story ☆

CHILDREN'S PARTY

MANDELLO was blue. Not that he wasn't as good as ever. Why, only last month at the annual reunion of the Magicians' Club, didn't he bring down the house with the most astounding display of sleight of hand seen on the entire program? Yes, the applause was sweet; but you couldn't very well eat it, could you?

Mandello continued musing. "Society's Favorite Magician," he was called. Why, when Mandello had another engagement, parties had actually been postponed until he could attend. Countless children saw Mandello bake a cake in their father's hat and then produce a rabbit out of it. When they grew up, it was Mandello again who entertained their children in turn.

But now times had changed. New faces were wanted. Calls were few. To make matters worse, his brother was sick and he found himself with a flock of hungry children on his hands. Somehow they had to be fed.

Yet Mandello was optimistic. He read again a letter he had received from one of his agents last week. "Dear Mandello," it started: "The Ladies' Auxiliary of Springfield are holding their annual children's party on Sept. 8th. Mrs. Warrin, their president, who knows you very well, would like to have you entertain the children on this date. She will bring this matter up at the next committee meeting. The fee is $35. Please hold this date open until I hear further from her."

Thirty-five dollars. Well, it wasn't a fortune, but it certainly would help feed the hungry mouths around him. He must get in touch with the agent at once.

Thirty-five dollars! How he could use the money!

THE Ladies' Auxiliary of Springfield was holding its meeting. Mrs. Warrin, the president, was speaking:

"Ladies, I am pleased to inform you that after making all arrangements to supply ice cream and cake for the children at our September 8 party, we will still have the sum of thirty-five dollars left over. I propose that we devote this money to entertainment by the magician Mandello. Is there any objection?"

Mrs. Wincy arose and started on her pet subject. As one of the wealthiest members in the club her remarks carried great weight. "There is nothing dearer to my heart than to see our children happy at our annual party. However, I feel that, with the ice cream and cake we are providing and the games which I am going to arrange, the children will be amply taken care of. In my opinion, there is a higher and nobler cause to which we can devote the thirty-five dollars. I am referring to the feeding of our poor heathen children. I hereby move, ladies, that we donate the money to this most worthy cause."

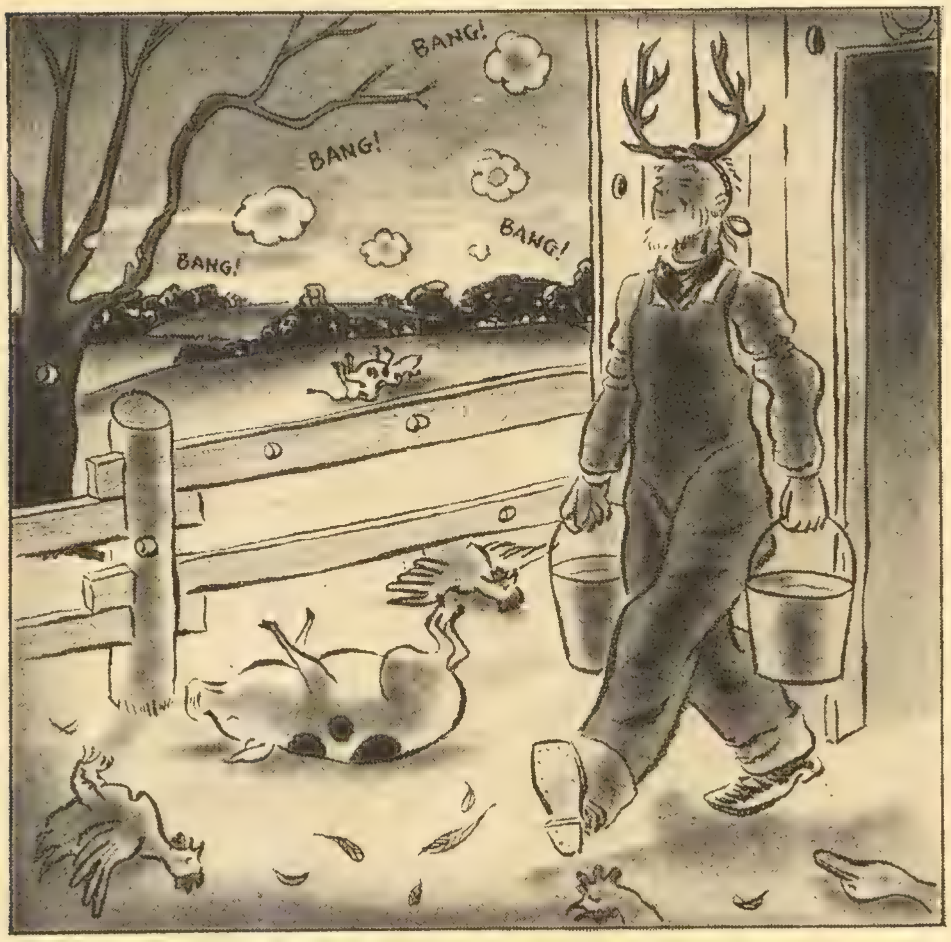
The motion was seconded and carried.

—Theo Doré.

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.

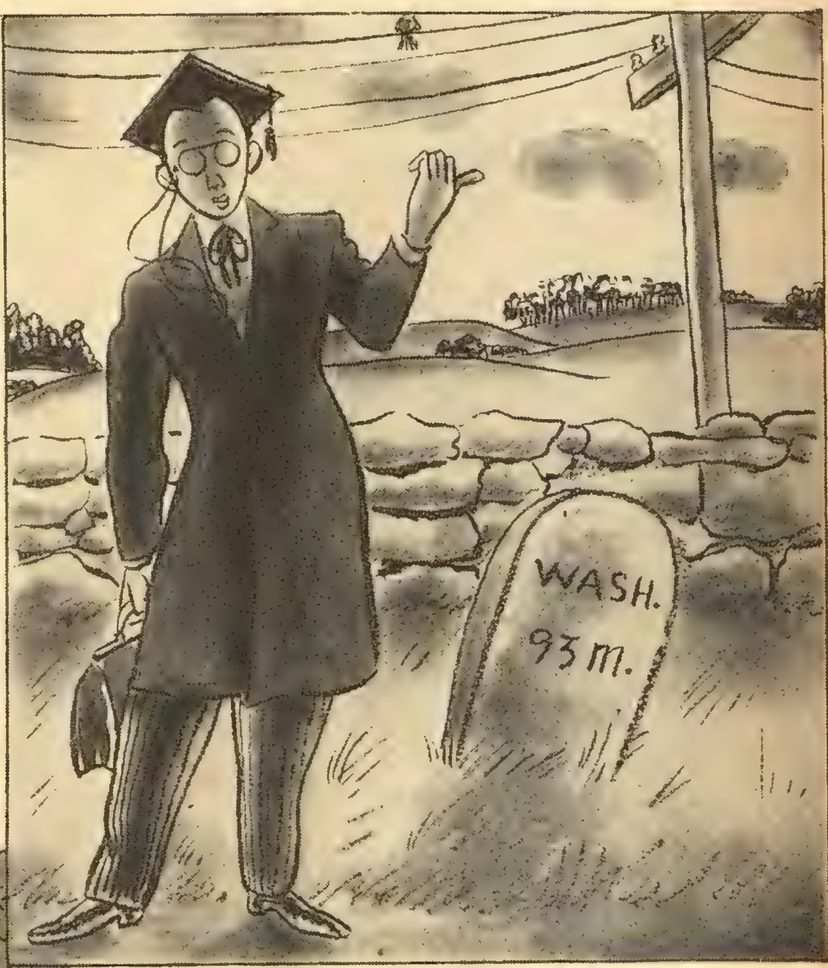
OUR VERY CANDID CAMERA

BY JACK SHUTTLEWORTH and F. E. SMITH

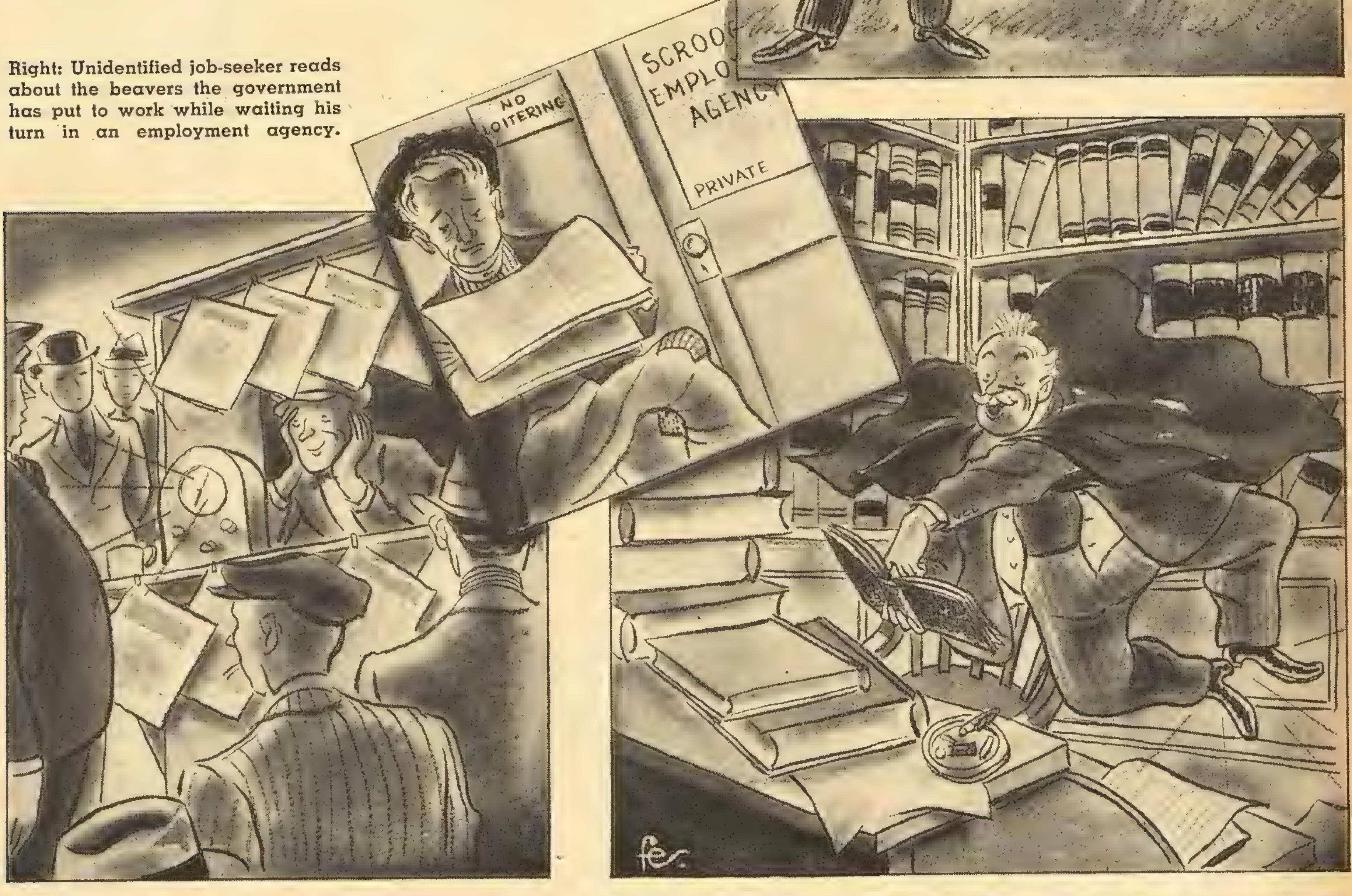

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

With the help of city Nimrods, and despite the considerable livestock loss and property damage, Joe Hugg, Pennsylvania farmer, demonstrates a protective costume he plans to wear during the deer season.

Professor Homer Glober, New Deal advocate, thumbing his way to Washington with his Glober Plan for unemployment relief. "Briefly," he explains, "my idea is to employ all the unemployed to take a census of the unemployed."



Right: Unidentified job-seeker reads about the beavers the government has put to work while waiting his turn in an employment agency.



From Chicago comes this print of Max Hocking, news dealer, who has stopped selling papers and charges customers two cents to listen to the news broadcasts.

Snapped at one five hundredth of a second, this action shot shows Mr. Justice Sterling Pink of New York, who after long research suddenly discovered a new legal technicality upon which to base his next mistrial grant.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

I HAVE just had a nice *catty* talk with Gertrude Kinsey, lady veterinarian. Miss Kinsey doctors all kinds of pet animals, but cats are especially dear to her, as they are to me. She told me a lot of things about them that I hadn't known before. . . . Cats make the most devoted foster mothers. One successful fox farmer puts his cubs to nurse with mother cats whenever possible, because the cats nourish the baby foxes more generously than their own vixen mamas would. . . . Miss Kinsey is personally acquainted with a white Persian cat who loves to be thrown overboard out of a rowboat and obliged to swim ashore.

Cats are extreme individualists in their tastes and inclinations. Some have exotic appetites for olives, black coffee, melons, or caviar. It won't harm your cat to be fed a tiny snack of such strange fare occasionally. . . . You ought to brush your cat's teeth from time to time with a little powdered pumice; and you should keep its claws trimmed. . . . To protect your cat against distemper and enteritis—deadliest of feline ailments—you can have it given a few shots of antitoxin. The treatment offers a fairly permanent immunization at an average cost of under ten dollars per cat.

Many people object to cats because they hunt birds. Often a cat can be cured of the bird-killing habit by tying a dead bird around its neck in an unreachable position. Cats are so acrobatic, though, that this isn't easy to do.

Gertrude Kinsey and I share a mutual dislike for the term *alley cat.* We wish there were some less insulting way, some friendlier way, of designating the cat we all know best—the cat that comes to us without name or pedigree, yet wins a warm place on our hearth by virtue of its appreciative purr and dainty coquetry.

Cats of this affectionate sort seem to flourish best of all around neighborhood grocery stores. I suggest, therefore, that instead of calling them *alley cats* we should call them *grocery-store cats.*

☆ *More cat notes. . . .* While discussing the alley or grocery-store cat and its species derivations, Dr. Kinsey and I took a general look at the field of *catology.* And here's what I learned:

The cat family divides itself into two main branches. One branch includes all the long-haired cats. The other branch takes in all the short-haired cats. In the long-haired division belong the Angora, the Persian, the Maine coon cat, and the very rare Russian Blue. True short-haired cats include the Siamese, the Manx, the tabby, and the Abyssinian. Hard to get, here, is the Abyssinian cat. Two of the tabby breed—the red tabby and the silver tabby—are also quite uncommon.

Tortoise-shell cats occur in all breeds, both long-haired and short-haired, but they are nearly always females. For some obscure biological reason, there are very few tortoise-shell males.

☆ From the Dutch East Indies, by way of Amsterdam and Paris, comes the spicy new fashion for beads, buttons, and bracelet charms made of carved nutmegs. Whittled into animal shapes or funny faces, they impart a delicate fragrance, as well as looking particularly attractive when worn with knitted clothes. But they are still pretty difficult to find here; so if you know any amateur whittler with an artistic touch, you'd better get him some nutmegs and put him to work.

☆ One snappy afternoon last week I spied a pushcart man selling hot dogs and sauerkraut to laborers digging up a street off Park Avenue, in the swankiest section of New York.

Two stylish young ladies passed by—but couldn't resist. Back they turned to the pushcart, taking their dogs and kraut from the man's fingers, no different than anybody else. More of their kind happened along; joined the party. When I left, the sidewalk trade was about equally divided between toilers in overalls and debutantes in expensive furs—all munching and chatting together like good proletarian comrades. Moscow please copy.

☆ Tourists return from Hawaii with funny stories in island lingo. Milly Lou Mobley, of Honolulu, collects such stories and publishes them to refresh the tourist memory. Here is one from her entertaining little book, Me Spik English:

"Hey, Maria, how you like married life?"

"Oh, no deeference."

Here's another: . . . "A cult among Filipino plantation-workers forbids the use of any animal food, including eggs or milk. But they give their children Carnation Milk—because they think it comes from a flower."

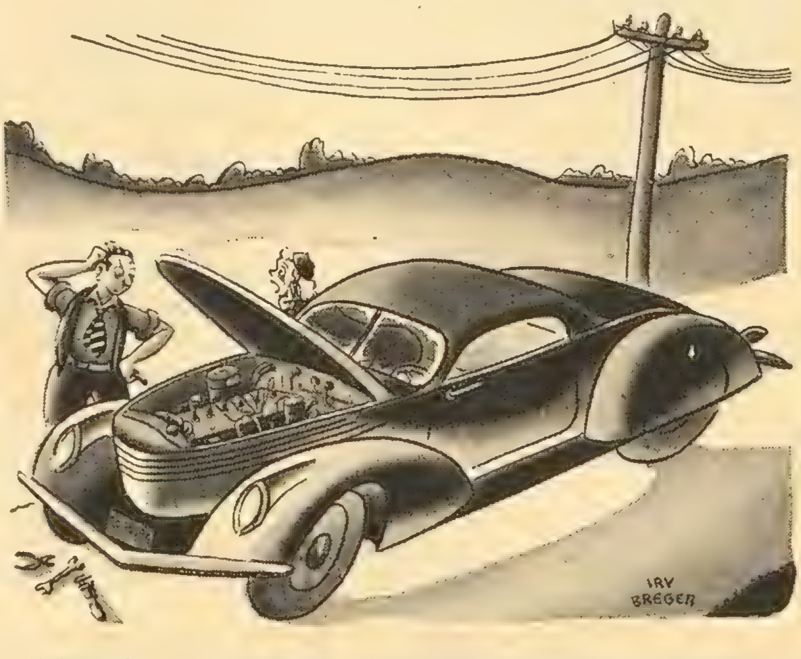
I like two Hawaiian versions of American slang. If the islanders consider you slightly dumb, they say you're *lolo.* Their equivalent of our term O. K. is pronounced *polo-lay.*

☆ You can *bake* a steak with excellent results, if you are not sure the meat is tender enough for broiling.

This *Baked Sirloin* recipe comes to me from an economical New England housewife. . . .

Get a sirloin steak about 2 inches thick. On one flat side make 5 or 6 cuts with a sharp knife. Make the cuts about half an inch deep. Brush on 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce mixed with 2 tablespoons tomato catsup and a little salt.

Let stand 2 hours in kitchen, *not* in refrigerator. Have oven very hot (around 500°). Lay steak on rack in roasting pan with cut side up. Cover with small lumps soft butter. Bake 20 minutes.



"Maybe one of the streamlines got clogged!"

SOME MEN SHOULD NOT DRINK

If you seek the advice of your physician on the subject of liquor, he will give you a sound answer based on the experience of the medical profession and his knowledge of your own particular case.

He may even tell you that you should not drink at all. He will always advise you to be moderate.

He will tell you that over-indulgence—no matter what form it takes—over-eating, lack of sleep, too strenuous exercise, or intemperate drinking is no good for you. You can rely upon your physician a a friend whose advice can be trusted on all matte that pertain to your physical well-being.

The House of Seagram subscribes whole-heartedl to the attitude which the physicians of America ar taking toward the use of liquor. If the question puzzling you, we say: "Let your physician decide.

··· THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM ···

Fine Whiskies Since 1857

Copr. 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp. Executive Offices, New York

JIG SAW

A dramatic tale of a man and a girl in the puzzle-pattern of life—and a vengeance that found a hazard in love

BY PHYLLIS GORDON DEMAREST

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

HE had done an unpardonable thing. He knew it, and he didn't care. The penthouse still held the startled hollow quality of a theater abruptly deserted. Only a few minutes before it had been brittle and brilliant and swarmingly alive with men and women. A typical Slick Beaumont party—his mouth twisted, wry. He knew how to be sardonic, even concerning himself.

He heard his own voice again. "Get out—all of you! Out! Scram!"

They had thought him crazy, tight perhaps. Anyway they'd gone, scurrying like peacocks.

Jeff said—he had remained of course, patient yet amazed—"But why, Slick? Why kick 'em out? I figured this for a three-day jam."

Slick went to the French windows and the night rushed in.

Not turning, he said, "A fellow just told me Gilbert Manson's selling his string. I'm going down there."

"Thought you weren't buyin' any more horses, Slick?"

A star swooped in the sky—luck. "I'm buying Manson's."

Jeff thought a bit. "O. K. When do we start?"

Slick turned round then. "Singular, Jeff. *I* start."

The little man protested. For five years he had been present at the consummation of all Slick's deals. Slick listened, wondering how to make Jeff understand without betraying himself.

He said, "This isn't Florida, Jeff. Hialeah, big hotels, women with diamonds. This is the *South,* a small town. You'd be bored stiff country-clubbing."

In Jeff's gaze, reproachful, he saw mirrored suddenly the first horse he had claimed, the little man's gallant ride to victory. Eight years ago, that Preakness. The beginning. But he was adamant now, and Jeff went finally, shaking his head.

Alone, Slick walked to a mirror, eyed himself. Not as tall as he would have liked—five foot ten. But the shoulders were fine, features good, black eyes alert under the dark cap of hair.

The fall-cooled air on the terrace swept against him, velvety. He leaned both arms on the parapet, saw Central Park, the rivers of light streaming cars made. His city. In its bosom it held the years, his secrets. The Chink who had found him sleeping on an ironing board in the laundry, taken him to live with himself and his wife. The old Regent Hotel where, at sixteen, bellhopping, he had been initiated into the con game. Buried too in the city was that older memory—the welcome it had given him when, a gangling boy, it had hidden him from St. Timothy's Orphanage.

Other, bleaker secrets the labyrinth held. There was the time he carried a gun, needing it for protection, but careful never to use it, and Mike Jorgerson had borrowed that gun and the wop had been killed. He had hidden out down there with Mike. . . .

Now he was Slick Beaumont, a power in his world of racing. He owned a penthouse and a yacht and money. Now he could face New York.

But tomorrow he would turn his feet—backward.

CHANDLER, just over the Dixie border, was, according to the map, about halfway from New York to Strutherstown, where Gilbert Manson lived.

He turned the big car down a street where trees locked their boughs from either side, as if conspiring against the sky. White frame houses turned bland faces toward each other. Then he saw the sign—Sycamore Street. He swung left into it, halted the car sharply.

He sat looking at the place. The house, set far back in spacious grounds, was getting pretty old. The left wing had dropped much lower than the right, giving it a faintly tipsy appearance. The brown paint was flaky, the windows peered through ivy, like drunken eyes. A sign said: FOR SALE—WELLERS & RANDAL.

Sixteen years. Was it that long? But of course; he'd be thirty soon. The old hedge where he'd leaned his bike, a high window fronting the master bedroom—yesterday's current caught, held him.

He started the car again, located Wellers & Randal easily on Chandler's one business street. Slick honked his horn and a man came out. He was Mr. Wellers.

"I want to inquire about that house you have up for sale on Sycamore," Slick said. "The old one. How much?"

Mr. Wellers looked unhappy. "It has none of the modern conveniences. On the other hand, Jarvis Jones—he's in Europe at present—is quite definite about his price. Twenty thousand."

Slick smiled. "Sorry. I can't afford twenty thousand dollars."

He drove out of Chandler on toward Strutherstown, wondering why he hadn't told Mr. Wellers that one day he intended to own the house on Sycamore Street.

MR. MANSON? This is Slick Beaumont talking. I'm here at the Drake Hotel. I don't know whether you've heard of me?"

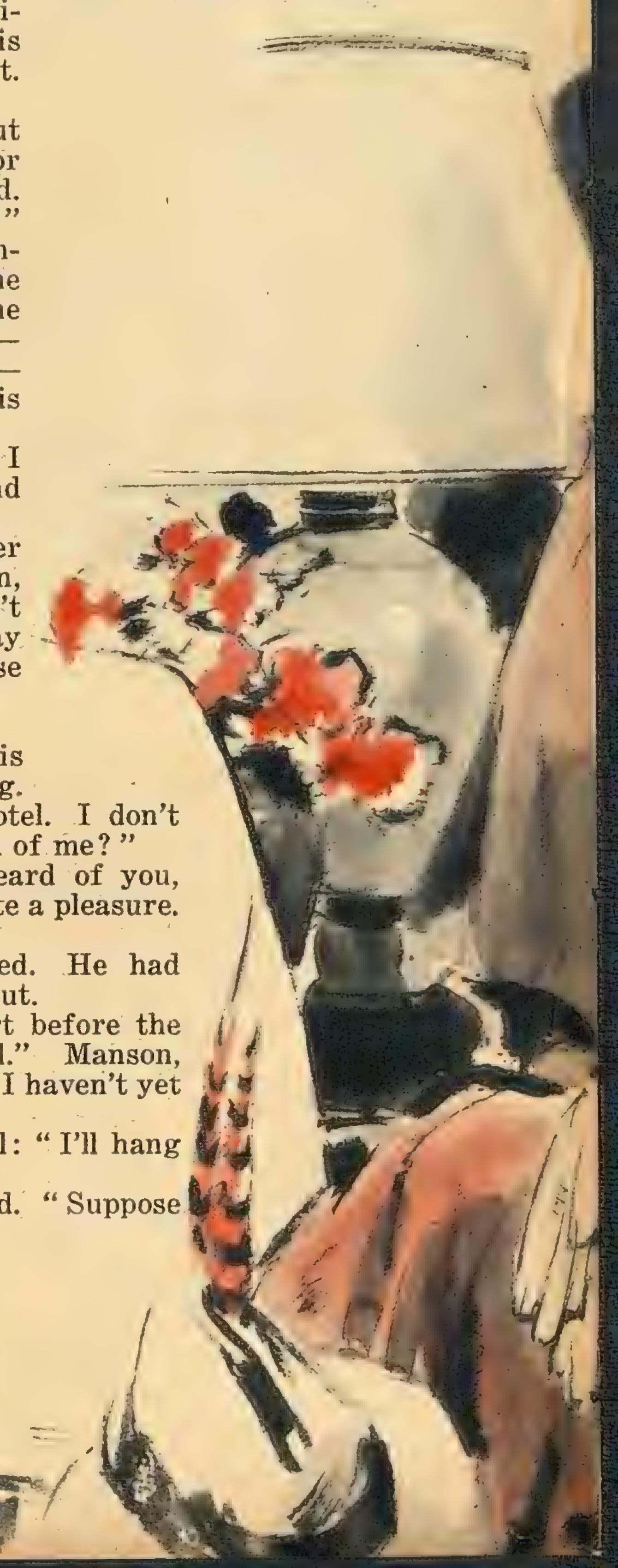
"Why, certainly I've heard of you, Mr. Beaumont. This is quite a pleasure. Here on business?"

Slick said that depended. He had heard Manson was selling out.

"That's putting the cart before the horse — no pun intended." Manson, laughed frankly. "I mean, I haven't yet definitely decided."

Slick's answer came, cool: "I'll hang around, then."

A pause on the other end. "Suppose



"I love you, Paul." She spoke in a half-whisper. Her face lifted. He felt the warmth of her mouth, its complete surrender.

you come out here tonight for dinner? There'll be a few other people, but we can talk—"

Slick hung up. Reaching for a cigarette, he discovered to his surprise that his hands were trembling.

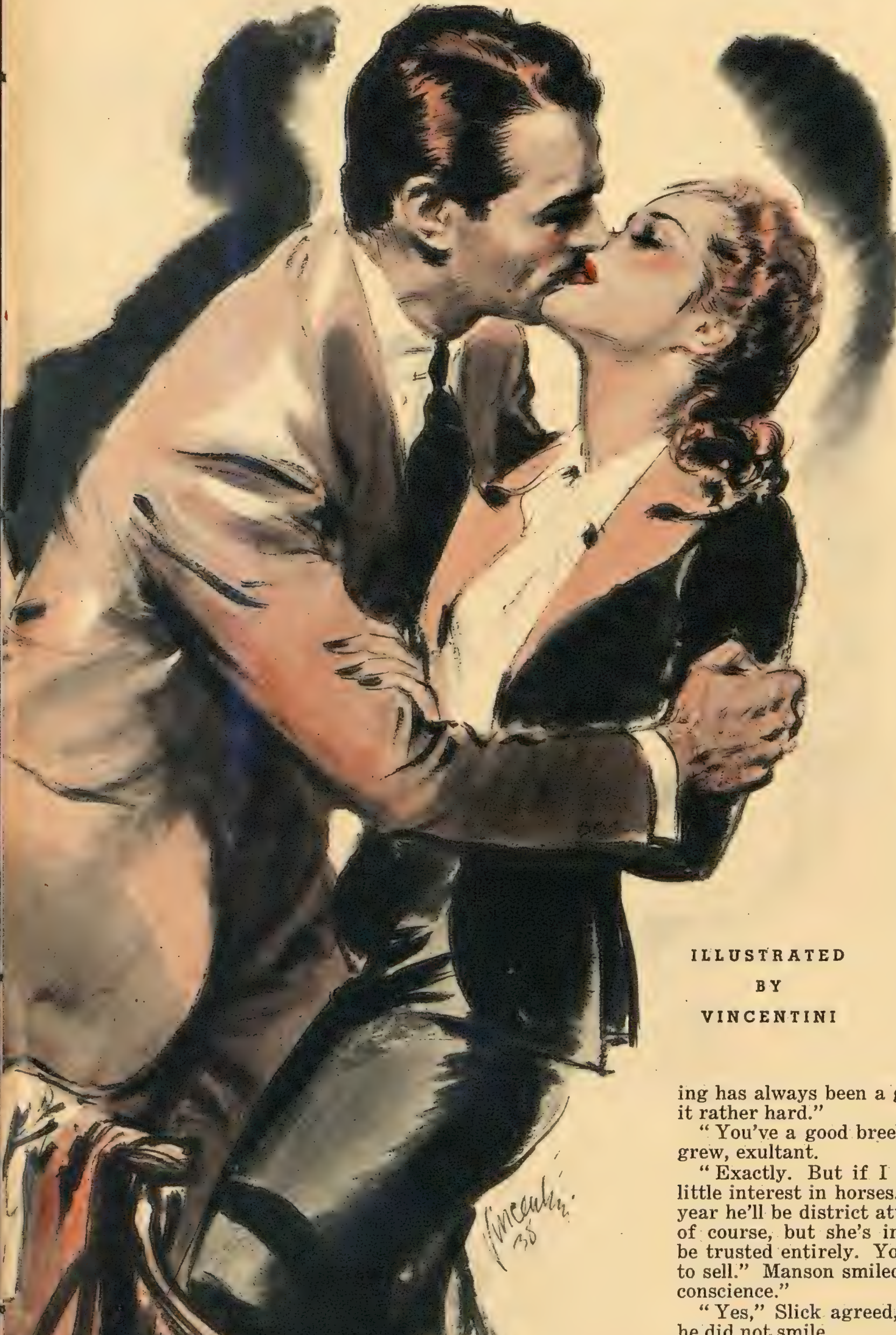
He spent the rest of the afternoon making subtle inquiries about Manson. He learned that Manson had made his money turning a dry-goods store into the town's biggest emporium, that he had retired, that his property holdings were enormous. Horses, of course, were a side line with him. Slick knew the man's reputation as a gentleman-breeder was not mean.

In the evening, when he drove out to the Manson place, his emotions were pitched, crystallized inside him but controlled.

In the huge hallway a Negro took his hat and coat. Two people in evening dress walked past him, laughing. A slim girl in a white gown was coming down the marble stairway.

Lean and erect, a tall man came through an archway to the right, held out his hand, greeted his guest.

There was a bearing that stamped him distinctly as Southern, yet at the same time a hint of the cosmopolitan in the gray eyes, the bronzed skin, the steel-silver hair, and the proud shoulders. Manson did not look fifty-five.



ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

The girl in the white dress was moving nearer.

"Oh, by the way, this is my daughter, Cintra. Cintra, Mr. Slick Beaumont of New York."

She held out her hand. But when he touched it, it did not seem like a hand at all, but something cool, feathery. She said, "I've read about you, Mr. Beaumont. Your picture was in the Strutherstown Herald when your horse Cardinal won the Derby."

"No," he corrected; "the Santa Anita Handicap."

He studied her face. It was not pretty, compared to the women he knew, but it was the most alive face he had ever seen. Her eyes, blue, held depth, eagerness. Her skin had a golden cast, and her mouth was too generous, though finely contoured. Her shoulders and arms, bare above the full white gown, were beautiful.

She said, "Oh, yes, California. I've never been there."

Slick looked down at her. "It's golden," he said, "like you."

Manson laughed. "Southern gallantry! You're learning fast."

Other things, too, Slick was learning. A kindling flickered inside him, like a spark from the girl's brightness.

NO cigars before dinner, he told Manson in the book-lined room. He sat down in a deep morocco chair. Manson stood. He talked, but the matter of the horses was no longer important. Through Slick's thoughts wound the golden skein of Cintra Manson.

"A fine boy, Carter," Manson was saying. "Cintra is marrying him in November."

"Marrying?" He smiled, lest he had spoken too quickly.

"Yes. That will leave me free to travel. You know breeding has always been a game with me, but I've played at it rather hard."

"You've a good breed there." The dark thing in him grew, exultant.

"Exactly. But if I go away, I'm afraid Carter has little interest in horses. He's a lawyer, a good one. In a year he'll be district attorney. Cintra loves the animals, of course, but she's inexperienced. And darkies can't be trusted entirely. You see my dilemma, to sell or not to sell." Manson smiled, a wry smile. "It's a matter of conscience."

"Yes," Slick agreed, "a matter of conscience." But he did not smile.

"I wonder," Manson was tapping thoughtfully on his oak desk, "would it be too much to ask for a little time? There's no question of price. If the horses are to go, I'd sooner they went to a man like yourself."

At dinner, Manson sat at one end of the long table, Cintra at the other. Slick had been placed on her right; Carter James, her fiancé, on her left.

There was a judge, a senator, a woman doctor, a banker, and others. A war was raging in China, another in Spain. Yet they spoke of the new hospital, the park Manson had donated, the coming election. Small things, Slick thought, small town. He did not belong with these people, and the knowledge gave him a superior exhilaration.

Behind Carter James' blond head, the light, bluish eyes, trailed generations imbued with Southern chivalry, conservatism.

Cintra Manson was less simple. Watching her, Slick could recognize that something defined as quality. Yet the whole of her, her eagerness especially, evaded him.

That must not be. He knew that suddenly. It was part of the knowledge that had come alive in him there in the library. That deep, hammering certainty of his power.

She turned her head and their eyes met.

He leaned forward. "You know why I'm here?"

She nodded. "Father has told me."

"I said I'd stay on, wait. But now I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" Her gaze centered on his dark virile face, puzzled.

"I don't belong here. I'm out of it all. It's disconcerting to find there are worlds beyond your own which can close you out."

She looked at him strangely. He knew that for the first time she was realizing he was different from any man she had ever known.

"But these are father's friends. You won't feel such a stranger with the younger crowd. Carter," she turned round, "why don't you take Mr. Beaumont for a round of golf tomorrow?"

"Sorry," Carter said. "I'll be in court tomorrow."

That was all. That and the glance passing between them. When Cintra turned back to Slick, he could have laughed, shaken Carter's hand. He had shut Slick out, and by doing so opened the door to Cintra.

She said, as he knew she would, "Shall we make it a twosome, Mr. Beaumont?" She laughed. "If you're afraid, I'll show you my cups. And later, perhaps, we can ride out to Cedarhurst, see father's horses."

A quickening surged through him, a high intoxication. He was stronger than life—stronger than death. Once both had swept him under. Now he would repay them.

He held Cintra's hand when he left and, holding it, looking down at her, was aware of its tremor.

THEY stopped on their way out to Cedarhurst at a small roadside inn for luncheon. She wore a dark green slim-cut dress, and she took off the small sports hat, shook back the dull gold of her hair.

She leaned both elbows on the table. "Tell me about yourself."

He told her, carefully, what he wished her to know. He began with St. Timothy's Orphanage, making the things he had done spring to life before her eyes, conscious of the tensed fascination of her gaze.

"So after that I lived with some Chinks. They were better than most of the white people I'd known lately. One day a man I'd sell papers to outside Millers' spoke to me. He got me a job at the old Regent Hotel. I was into the con game before I knew it, and when I found out, I didn't care—you see, I wanted money. Sometimes, in those next years, I carried a gun. There was a—mess, and I got out of that into horses. Touting. I climbed—and I was lucky."

She said, "But if your parents had lived—I never knew my mother either, really. But father and I—well, he's made up for everything."

She thought Manson was wonderful. It was in her voice, her eyes.

Slick said, "And yet—there's Carter."

"Why not? I'm in love with him."

"I'd hoped," he said gravely, "you weren't."

A faint slow flush spread into her cheeks. He realized how young she was inside.

She said, "You're the strangest man I've ever met."

He laughed. "That's because you've never met anybody like me. You wouldn't, in Strutherstown. Nor at finishing school. Maybe they taught you to have scruples at St. Timothy's—I don't know. I never stayed to find out. That's why Carter doesn't make any difference."

For a long moment she stared at him. "I ought to be shocked," she said at length, "but somehow I'm not. And I didn't expect you to have any scruples. Not after what you've told me—the life you've led. Besides, you've been honest. You're not really staying because of the horses, are you?"

"No," he said.

"I knew that last night, when you—"

"Cintra," he said, "what are you going to do about the way I feel about you? We don't have to play golf any more, you know."

Her answer at first seemed irrelevant. "You don't know Carter. He's grand, really." Then her gaze lifted frankly. "Our playing golf together has nothing to do with my marrying him in November."

His eyes were narrowed and very amused. "To accept defeat would be civilized but ungallant." He added, "I'm neither civilized nor especially gallant. And I don't understand defeat."

She considered him. "I think," she said, "you could be ruthless—and dangerous."

Slick smiled. "I wanted you to know that."

"Fair warning," she said. "Thank you. Shall we go?"

He walked round and stood behind her chair as she rose. His voice came, smooth: "Cedarhurst or home?"

She turned round then, her gaze meeting his fully. He saw in it her sweet poise, that reflection of circumspect training and background. And he saw presently her glance waver under his own, kindle anew with something compelled, alive.

Very low she said, "Cedarhurst."

He had thrown her a gauntlet no woman could resist.

HE stayed on in Strutherstown, keeping in touch with Jeff daily over long-distance. Every day he saw Cintra Manson. Carter was tied up with a case. Easily Slick slid into his place.

He moved with strength, precision, each stroke conscious drama.

Once Cintra asked him, "Your name isn't really Slick, is it?"

He shook his head, grinning. "It's Paul—I'd almost forgotten."

She said thoughtfully, "I think I shall call you Paul."

"Don't. I won't answer."

Twice they spent an evening in a neighboring city. When the first country-club ball of the season came up, it was Slick who took her. Carter, she said, had an appointment with a lawyer from Chicago.

Finally Gilbert Manson sent for him; came briskly to the point. He had decided to sell the string—he named his price, a hundred thousand. Not exorbitant, he thought, and Slick agreed.

"Fortunately, we needn't delay you any longer, Beaumont. I think our attorneys can arrange the legal end easily enough by mail."

Congé, Slick thought. He shrugged. "O. K. by me."

The gray eyes looked at him, casual. "I won't keep you. You'll want to be packing."

"No." He stood. "I've been looking over some property."

A lift of brows. "I'd prefer it if you'd go at once, Beaumont. People have been talking about—you and Cintra."

The library was suddenly alive with unspoken thought.

Slick said, "Small-town gossip? Afraid I can't get excited."

"More than smoke—fire. Fathers and wives hear last, you know."

Thoughtfully Slick drummed on his cigarette case. "Have you spoken to Cintra?"

"Cintra is young. She

(Continued on page 28)

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Find your car and read from left to right. The first figure shows the protection you get with one gallon of "Eveready" "Prestone" anti-freeze in the cooling system; the second with one and a half gallons—and so on. "+" means above zero. "—" means below zero. If your car has a hot water heater, add ¾ gallon to the quantity called for.

MODEL	1 GAL.	1½ GAL.	2 GAL.	2½ GAL.
AUBURN				
654, '36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
852, '36	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
BUICK				
40, '34, '35, '36, '37, '38	+ 6	−18	−54	
60, 80, 90, '36, '37, '38	+12	− 4	−27	−59
CADILLAC				
85, '37	+12	− 4	−27	−59
90, '36, '37; 60, '38	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
60, 70, '37; 65, 75, '37, '38	+20	+12	+ 1	−12
60, 70, 75, '36; 90, '38	+22	+15	+ 8	0
355-D, '34, '35; 80, 85, '36	16	4	12	34
CHEVROLET				
All Models, '36	+ 8	−12	−43	
All Models, '37, '38	+ 6	−18	−54	
CHRYSLER				
6, '32, '33, '34, '35; AF, '37	+12	− 4	−27	−59
Royal, '37; C18, 19, 20, '38	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
DeL-8, '36; Imp., '37	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
AF-8, Imp.-8, '35; 6, '36	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
DE SOTO				
6, '34; AF, AS, '36; 6, '37; S-5, '38	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
DODGE				
6, '32, '33; D-2, '36; D-8, '38	+ 8	−12	−43	
Senior-6, '30; DU, '35; D-5, '37	+12	− 4	−27	−59
FORD				
V-8, '32 to '36; V-8-78, '37, '38	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
V-8-74, '37, '38	+10	− 8	−34	−62
GRAHAM				
80, 90, 110, '36; 95, 116, 120, '37, '38	+10	− 8	−34	−62
74-6, '35; 85, '37	0	−34	−62	
HUDSON				
6, '35 (late); 6, '36 to '38	+ 3	−25	−62	
8, '36, '37	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
6, '35 (early); 8, '38	+14	− 0	−21	−50
112, '38	0	−34	−62	
HUPMOBILE				
6-618-G, '36; 6, '37, '38	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
422, '34; 8-621-N, '36; 8, '38	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
527, '35; 627, '36; 8, '37	+19	+10	0	−15
LAFAYETTE				
6, '34, '35, '36	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
"400", '37, '38	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
LA SALLE				
35-50, '35; 50 (Str. 8), '36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
345-C, '33; 50, '37, '38	+20	+12	+ 1	−12
LINCOLN				
Zephyr, '36, '37, '38	+22	+14	+ 4	− 6
V-12, '33 to '38	+23	+17	+10	+ 2
NASH				
3720, '37; 3820, 3880, '38	+10	− 8	−34	
3620, 3640, '36; 3780, '37	14	0	21	50
Adv. 8, '34, '35; Amb. 8, '36	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
OLDSMOBILE				
F, '35, '36	+ 3	−25	−62	
F, '34; L, '35, '36; F, '37, '38	10	8	34	62
L, '37, '38	+17	+ 6	− 9	
PACKARD				
120, '35, '36; 6, '37	+14	0	−21	−50
6, '38	+ 8	−12	−43	
8, '38	+10	− 8	−34	
1400-1-2, '36; 120, '37; Super 8, '38	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Super 8, '35, '36	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
1500-1-2, '37	+19	+10	0	−15
12, '33 to '38		+21	+16	+10
PIERCE ARROW				
1601, '36; 8, '37, '38	+20	+12	+ 1	−12
12, '36 to '38	+24	+20	+15	+ 6
PLYMOUTH				
PF, PG, '34 P5, P6, '38	+ 6	−18	−54	
P1, P2, '36; P3, P4, '37	+ 8	−12	−43	
PONTIAC				
8, '33, '34, '35; 6, '36	+ 8	−12	−43	
6, '37, '38	+10	− 8	−34	−62
8, '36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8, '37, '38	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
STUDEBAKER				
6, '36 to '38; Com., '38	+ 6	−18	−54	
Dic., '34, '35; Pres., '37	+10	− 8	−34	−62
Pres., '36, '38	+12	− 4	−27	−59
TERRAPLANE				
6, '36, '37, '38	+ 3	−25	−62	
WILLYS				
77, '33 to '36	−21			
'37, '38	6	−47		

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COSTS MORE BY THE GALLON *LESS* BY THE WINTER

(Continued from page 26) hasn't the slightest comprehension of danger."

"Danger? Exaggeration, surely. What have I been doing?"

Manson's mouth looked etched. "I think," he said, "the correct term would be—dazzling her."

A match flame lit Slick's face. "Is that what you think?"

"No; it's what I know. I think Carter James must know it too. Look here, Beaumont. Cintra was happy with that boy till you came along and fed her your particular brand of glamour. What do you want with her, anyway? She isn't your kind of girl."

"Irate father demands gentleman's intentions, eh?"

Manson frowned. "I'm not one bit interested in your intentions. I'm merely interested in seeing you get out of town!"

Slick asked, amused, "Tarred and feathered, or by public vote?"

"I don't give a damn!" Manson shouted. "But—get!"

Slick walked to the door. He looked back over his shoulder.

"Better have your tar and feathers ready," he advised.

Manson stared at him. Then he began to laugh.

"You're one of the smart boys, aren't you, Beaumont? But you don't know the South. Men are funny about their women in the South—and juries are funnier yet about men who protect their women." Manson was stating fact coldly. "I have a gun, Beaumont. If it means Cintra's safety, her happiness, her welfare—I can use it."

Slick looked at him, no answering threat in his gaze. Merely a deep, penetrating light.

"Yes," he said, "I know you have a gun, Manson. You haven't used it for a long time, have you?"

There was an instant of silence, of shock. Coolly he went out, aware of Manson's face.

IN the hallway a Negro came up to him—Miss Cintra was waiting for him in the drawing room. She was standing before the wide hearth, staring down at the unlit logs.

Slick said, "Your father's forbidden me the house."

She did not turn. Her voice came, level: "I guessed as much when I passed the library, heard your voices."

"People," he said, "are talking. He seems to think—it endangers your reputation. Your engagement."

"I have already broken my engagement." She turned round then. "It's what you've wanted, isn't it?"

He walked over, caught her hands. "I've wanted—you."

"I love you, Paul." She spoke in a half-whisper.

Her face lifted. He bent his head. He felt the full warmth of her mouth, its complete surrender.

He was shaken. Not by her lips—he had known other women, older women, who knew how to make a man's blood flow. This was a different kind of exhilaration. The thing that had lain so long, heavy in his breast, was suddenly light, lifted on wings of power.

He set her from him. He still held her hands.

"Cintra, you know, don't you? You know what I am. And you must know, too, that this is the end of your simple, protected way of living, the beginning of something strange and complex and twisted."

"I'll be your wife. That will be enough."

"But it won't be easy. Doors will be closed to you, the right doors. The only people that you'll know will hate you for being what you are—better, finer, more decent than themselves. The sort of people you've known all your life will pass you by. You'll stand with me alone."

She said nothing. Suddenly her eyes, fearless, gave him the impression he was talking to a wise child.

"Sometimes," he said, "I'll do things that you'll hate, Cintra. Unscrupulous things—dangerous."

She smiled. "Yes," she said, "I shall hate them. But never you, Paul."

"Paul?" The word was sharp on his lips. "You'll be marrying Slick Beaumont."

PHYLLIS GORDON DEMAREST

born in London, of a writing family, had her first novel published when she was eighteen. Since then there have been three more, besides short stories. She is married, has traveled extensively, and has worked in Hollywood, where her father, William Demarest, is a motion-picture actor.

"Yes," she said gently, "Slick. But the things Slick will do, Paul would never have done. I'll always remember that."

His hands fell away from hers. He stared down, met the imperative eagerness of her gaze. And suddenly he saw in her quite clearly that thing which had always evaded him. It rushed toward him, and he recognized it. Strange he should not have done so before—he was familiar with thoroughbreds.

She took his hand, pressed it against her heart. "Take it, Paul," she whispered.

THE next morning he walked into Manson's library. "I'm leaving," he said, "but I'm taking Cintra with me. I suppose you know that."

Manson was sitting at his desk. He raised the smooth silver head, and Slick saw his face. It was the face of Manson's ghost. Only, an older ghost than he had been in life. He did not speak.

"There's only one thing more." Slick paused. "I shall want twenty thousand dollars from you before we leave. Do you understand? A sort of wedding present."

"Are you crazy? You've taken Cintra, but you don't need my money."

"I need," Slick said carefully, "twenty thousand dollars from you, Manson—to buy a house on a street called Sycamore. In Chandler."

Manson stood up. "What is—your name?" he asked painfully.

Slick countered, "What is *your* name?"

Fingers gripped the desk's edge. "You are—Paul Everett—"

Slick's blood felt drunken with this moment, but his mind was clear.

"If you'd known that, you'd have had me run out of town that first evening, wouldn't you? Then I couldn't have done what I've done."

Manson felt for his chair, sat down. He wet his lips. His features were bleak, stupid.

"Why did you do it?" he asked. "I'd have given you anything—but Cintra."

The dull plodding hope of the years sprang into fruition. A split second and the jigsaw pieces fitted together perfectly. Slick saw it all. That small boy, with his father. And he felt again the peace, the beauty, the welding.

Some of it went into his voice. "Just the two of them, you see, in the world. The boy was thirteen when it happened. He went on remembering, that night when his father went out and didn't come back because in the town he'd run into a man, a rowdy man he didn't even know, with a gun. The man had been drinking, celebrating, and he came into this café where the boy's father was with a gay crowd. There were lights, a chandelier. The man took out his gun to shoot at them, to prove his aim. He could shoot. He shot—"

Slick's hands came out of his pockets and the knuckles were white. Manson sat taut, unmoving, one with the heavy carving of his chair.

"The man was rich," Slick went on. "The law called it manslaughter—maybe they figured he could afford to go around getting drunk and shooting people. But the boy called it murder. His father wasn't coming back to him any more. The state put him in an orphanage. He thought how crazy it was a man could kill his father and the law would only punish him with five to ten years in prison."

He stopped. It seemed to him that what he said must be painted across the room indelibly. His voice came again, slow, deadly:

"By the time the man was free, the boy had run away from the orphan asylum. He did things, not savory perhaps, but things that would make him successful. And he kept track of that man. He knew when he changed his name, went to another town to live. The boy was eighteen by then. He waited, waited. Sometime, in some fashion, that man must be delivered up to him. Later, much later, he heard this man was interested in horses—it was the contact he needed."

Manson spoke: "I tried to find you —I wanted to—"

Slick seemed not to have heard. "He went down to this man's town. He knew, when he got there, it wasn't because of the horses he had come. This man had a daughter. He loved this daughter almost as much as the boy had loved his father. The boy —he was a man now—told himself he would rob this man of his daughter, as he had been robbed of his father. And he would buy back with the old man's money the house he had lived in with his father. As if he were making the man return to him his inheritance, his birthright, the life he might have had if his father had lived. . . . Manson, will you write the check for that house?"

Slowly Manson moved. The room was still, except for the sound of his pen.

Slick took the yellow slip, put it in his pocket.

"Now," he said, "we're about as even as we ever can be." He smiled tiredly.

Manson stood up. His face was gray. "I wish I could—as easily—buy back what I did, Everett. I can't. You know that. But you won't take Cintra."

Slick's laugh was insolent. "How will you stop me?"

"How? I'll tell her the truth—why you want her."

Slick stood very still. He felt as if he'd been running a long time and a force, an invisible one, had pulled him up short.

"I'll tell her the truth," Manson repeated quietly.

Slick stared. Suddenly a foreign sense of loss possessed him coldly. Upstairs, Cintra would be packing. She would go with him anyway. He need only tell her he loved her, and the web of his magic would hold.

But queerly it was something else which hammered at the wall he had built about himself. A fear *for* Cintra. She loved her father. She felt about him as he, Paul, had felt about his father. To shatter that ideal—yes, that was murder, too, of a kind.

He saw it quite clearly now, the pattern. He had wrought that pattern, yet it would be finished for him. Incredibly, his victory would make itself his defeat.

He spoke his own thought aloud, and it did not matter much whether Manson understood or not.

"Boomerang." The word was replete with irony.

He went out. In the hallway he paused, glanced toward the winding stairway. But there was nothing he could say to Cintra.

AT the Drake he finished his packing within the hour, telephoned for a bellboy. Then he walked to the window, looking out, thinking of Cintra as she had stood with his hand on her heart.

When had he first loved her? He didn't know, and now it was over, she was beyond him. But he knew why he loved her. He loved her be-

"Just give me a pipeful of Velvet..that's Home Sweet Home to me!"
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
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Better smoking tobacco
Velvet
—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
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YOU THINK MORE OF FOOTBALL THAN YOU DO OF ME!
NOW, MY LOVE WE HAD TO CELEBRATE THE VICTORY
-H YOU'VE FORGOTTEN HE DATE! BUT ROMO-SELTZER LL BRING YOU YOUR SENSES
JUST WHAT I NEED FOR MY HEAD, STOMACH, AND NERVES
TER
DARLING — YOU DIDN'T FORGET OUR NNIVERSARY AFTER ALL
WHEW! I REALLY GOT THE FLOWERS BECAUSE SHE REMEMBERED BROMO-SELTZER

ASTER, By Test

group of doctors found Bromo-Seltzer ks FASTER than any other morning- r remedy they tested. Does RE for you, too! Settles your nach, soothes nerves, AL- IZES! At drugstores—soda ntains. Keep it at home!

ROMO-
ELTZER

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

cause she had seen him as he would have been—not as Slick Beaumont but as Paul Everett.

A knock sounded. He turned to admit the bellboy. He had packed everything. Yet he knew there was something he would leave behind. His fingers gripped the doorknob.

Cintra was standing on the threshold. Her hair was blown back from her face and her coat was open. She came in, stood silent. And Slick could not speak.

After a long moment she said, "You were going without seeing me?"

The things he should have said would not come. He could not say them with her eyes looking at him like that.

"There was nothing else."

She put her hand on his arm. "Paul," she said, "I know—the thing that is between you and father."

"You know?" He felt strange inside.

Her gaze was steady. "Father told me—just now."

His mouth compressed. "I see. To make sure—"

"No," she said gently. "To give me the choice. You see, it's my life too."

He asked, low, "And it doesn't make any difference?"

"How could it? I love you both. Nothing either of you has done matters. Besides, the slate's clean now, isn't it?"

Yes, it was clean. He could not for the moment feel anything but wonder that Manson himself should have evened the score. Then a new awe came to him.

He said, "I wanted to save you from the truth. But I should have known you better, shouldn't I, Cintra?"

There was a tap on the door and the bellboy came in. Seeing them, he looked sheepish.

"You can take the bags," Slick said. "The big black car, parked in front."

The boy went out. Cintra moved. "Paul"—her lashes shone—"without me?"

"Without you," he said. He tilted her chin gently. "Don't you see? Because now things are different. I've got to go. So that I can come back the way you want me to be."

IN the offices of Wellers & Randal, Mr. Wellers greeted him with surprise and cheeriness.

"Well, well! So you're back, Mr. —but I don't believe I ever did know your name, did I?"

"No," said Slick. He took out a thick book of traveler's checks, laid it on the desk. Mr. Wellers' eyes bulged. "Twenty thousand," Slick told him, "for the house on Sycamore Street. I'm buying it. Count 'em, as I sign."

Mr. Wellers counted. He got a man from the next office and together they made out the deed.

"Of course," said Mr. Wellers, "I'm glad the house is sold. I mean I'm glad it's off our hands. But in a way, I'm sorry too."

"Sorry? You mean, I oughtn't to buy it, eh?"

"Oh, no," Mr. Wellers corrected hastily. "Not that. It's just—well, you see, the Hillside Orphanage has been dickering for a sale. They need more space, want to branch out. But twenty thousand—"

The last of the pattern clicked into place.

"Change that deed." Slick's grin was calm, purposeful. "Make it out to the Hillside Orphanage, with the compliments of Sl—Paul Everett."

THE END

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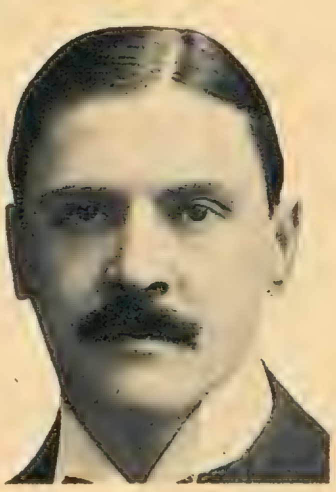
20 QUESTIONS



1—This week's early photo (*right*) is of a writer of plays, essays, short stories, and novels. He's been on the go ever since his British parents first saw him in Paris. In short, who authored Of Human Bondage?

2—Which fruit, about the size of a large orange, has many seeds?

3—6 x 7 x 2 – 4 x 0 x 2 – 60 x .5 = ?

4—At the Versailles Peace Conference, who were the Big Three?

5—The road to where is paved with what?

6—Who originated the phrase: Fifty-four forty or fight?

7—The well known Flirtation Walk is located at which school?

8—Where in the Bible does it speak of the sole of a dove's foot?

9—Who composed the Mississippi Suite?

10—In addition to players, who else is needed in a game of faro or stuss?

11—Are there nerves in the hairs of our heads?

12—Which President did "Patsy" Custis marry?

13—Which swimmer from Hawaii was the world's fastest for about twenty years?

14—Is it Oregon or California prunes which are tart?

15—The Aztec Indians lived in which country?

16—A descendant of the Mansson family became what famed aviator?

17—Nichrome is an alloy of which metals?

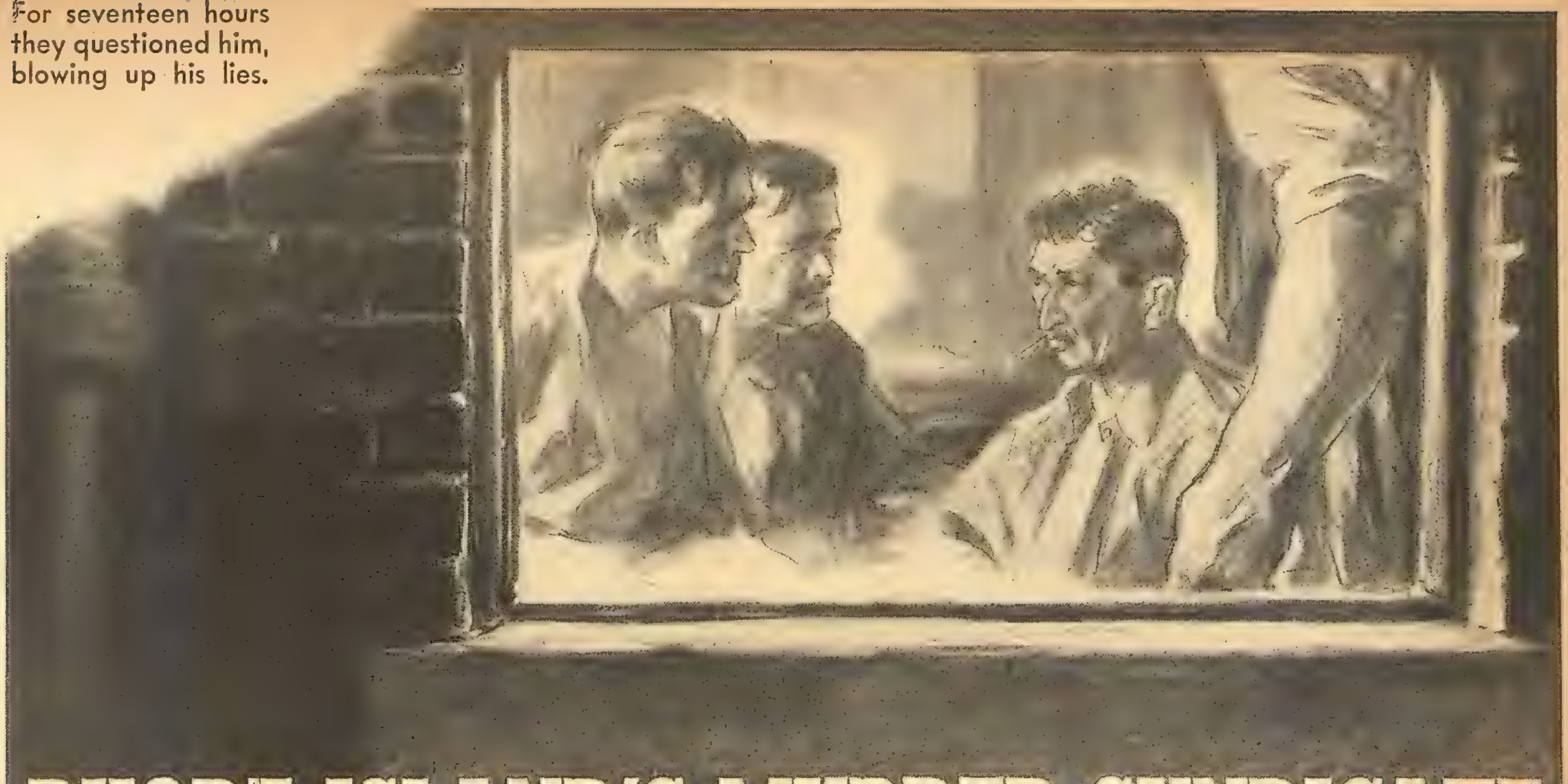
18—What did Daniel L. Doherty lose last September?

19—In 1937 Canada produced $457,000,000 of what?

20—Who, winner of the 1921 Nobel Prize for Physics, expounded a theory which few can explain?

(*Answers will be found on page 37*)

For seventeen hours they questioned him, blowing up his lies.



RHODE ISLAND'S MURDER SYNDICATE

The price of one mistake! How the deadliest master mind was unmasked at last

BY U. S. MARSHAL

JOHN J. MURPHY

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Marshal Murphy told last week exactly how the fateful Fall River mail-truck stick-up of January 23, 1935, was "angled" and executed. Through Fisher and Andy Merola, Carl Rettich learned that pay-roll money was being brought to the Fall River post office by a mail truck with a lone driver. His plans called for two sets of false car plates—and Fisher secretly violated his "first law" by entrusting the obtaining of the plates to a young outsider, Herbert Hyman Hornstein. In a snowstorm the truck was blocked and its driver, Herbert Reid, was forced at the point of a machine gun to get into a stolen sedan. Then, up a lonely road, the money was transferred from his truck to a Rettich truck, and the former and the sedan with Reid helpless on its floor were abandoned as the Rettich truck rumbled away in triumph to the Boss's crime castle.

PART FIVE—DEATH COMES TO ANDY MEROLA

ON the floor of the sedan, Reid pulled frantically against the sticky hold of the tape around his wrists. They'd expected him to freeze to death, had they? No, sirree! By the Almighty, he was going to get loose! He gave a do-or-die yank and the tape slipped, then came off. He ripped at the tape that covered his eyes, got the gag out of his mouth, and piled out of the sedan and started toward the main highway.

He fought driving snow every step of the way. On the highway, he began trudging toward town. Traffic was thin, and car after car refused to stop for him. Finally one did stop.

"To the Fall River police station—quick!" he cried. "I'm a mail driver! I've been held up just now and robbed!"

At 9.12 o'clock that morning—an estimated thirty-seven minutes after the stick-up—in an office in Boston's Federal Building a telephone rang.

John J. Breslin, chief postal inspector for the New England Division, took up the receiver. The acting postmaster at Fall River was calling to report a mail robbery. Breslin had the call put on his wire. For long moments he listened, took notes, asked questions. Then he hung up, to put in a call for Postal Inspector Benjamin D. Hadfield at Providence, with whom, when the call came through, was Postal Inspector Francis X. Riley.

"Fall River mail truck's been held up," Breslin told Hadfield. "You and Riley get over there at once."

His secretary called Postal Inspectors Thomas Cronin, Tennyson Jefferson, and Chester Anderson into his office. He told them what had happened, and bade them find out at once what registered mail had been sent to Fall River on that Boston train.

Next he got Captain O'Brien of the Fall River police, to ask for his co-operation, and then he phoned the Providence police, the Massachusetts State Police, and the United States Coast Guard, requesting that all roads and waterways be covered and patrolled.

This resulted in an immediate blockade so tight that Postal Inspectors Hadfield and Riley were stopped by police as they sped toward Fall River. The bandit truck, however, got through the cordon.

Had the robbery been an inside job? Breslin ordered an intensive inquiry. Mail driver Reid, by his record and his actions, was obviously innocent. The railway mail clerk who had told him, "Some day you're going to be held up," was grilled and was cleared as the victim of a coincidence.

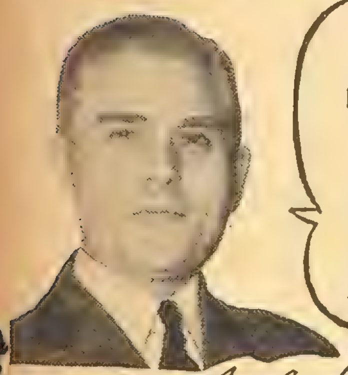
But now it was Breslin's telephone that rang. Postal inspectors in Somerset, Massachusetts, had found the looted mail truck and the abandoned sedan. On the sedan's front seat were a pair of bolt clippers and a loaded revolver.

Breslin telephoned the Colt Arms Company in Hartford, Connecticut, gave them the revolver's serial number, asked an immediate check. The gun had been sold to a retail sporting-goods store in New York City. Postal inspectors there checked with the store. The purchaser was Otto Seidentopf, a New York policeman. Seidentopf was questioned. No luck. The gun had been stolen from his home a year before the Fall River robbery.

Nothing left behind by the robbers offered fingerprint

"TO SHAVE FAST, WITH COMFORT—

DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER"



BARBERS DON'T USE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAMS. 2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER . . . THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

Signed Jack Scheibling
Head Barber
Hotel St. Regis, New York City

1. QUICKER
because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. SMOOTHER
because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.

3. LASTS 5 TIMES AS LONG AS BRUSHLESS CREAMS

Barbers know from long experience that lather gives a smoother, easier shave than brushless creams, because it wilts whiskers softer and faster. And 2 out of 3 barbers use Colgate lather. So change to Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather . . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard . . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube. Brushless creams cost far more per shave! Buy Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream today. 25c and 40c.

Colgate
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

clues. But when the afternoon newspapers hit the streets, a Fall River man read the hold-up story and rushed forward. He had, he said, actually seen the hold-up taking place. He'd thought maybe the mail-truck driver, sick or drunk, was being helped to the sedan.

"But I've got a habit," he said, "of jotting down license numbers when anything looks suspicious. I put down the number of this sedan." From a memo book he read: "Rhode Island license plates 85-214."

This was a break that seemed too good to be true. The abandoned sedan had been stripped of its license plates, but it would be easy enough to see if the motor and serial numbers went with this registration number.

They did. Plates 85-214 had been issued to a Peter Dubois of 51 Main Street, Pawtucket. Furthermore, the car was a stolen one. And, to top it off, the Providence policeman on the assignment discovered that the same car also had been registered to a Frederick Powers, 83 Broad Street, Pawtucket.

He compared the handwriting on the application forms. Unmistakably it was the same. Dubois and Powers were one man.

At 51 Main Street, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Horowitz said a Peter Dubois had rented a room for a short time—a young fellow, dark, Jewish, small mustache.

At 83 Broad Street, Mrs. Charity Wilson gave the same description. Mr. and Mrs. Horowitz, Mrs. Wilson, and a roomer named Buckley all swore they could identify the young man if shown his picture.

Chief Breslin had his doubts. He had a long remembrance of disappointing witnesses who had been sure they could identify a picture. These four went nevertheless to police headquarters in Providence, where Deputy Superintendent James J. Cusick gave them three volumes of rogues' gallery pictures to inspect.

They leafed through the bulging books until Buckley suddenly shouted: "Here he is! Here's the man!"

Mrs. Horowitz, sitting next to him, said calmly:

"I was waiting to see what you'd say when you came to that picture. He's the one, all right."

Chief Breslin looked at Mrs. Wilson. She nodded.

The picture was that of Herbert Hyman Hornstein. The witnesses were thanked, escorted out. A detective said, "That young punk? On a big job like this?"

That was what Chief Breslin had been thinking. Then it occurred to him that Herbert Hornstein had been seen riding around with Gloomy Joe Fisher and Andino Merola.

Fisher and Merola were tough. Tough enough for mail robbery and worse. Yet, after all, he had nothing on either of them—except his suspicions. And even if he did have something on them, they wouldn't talk. Not Fisher, anyway; Merola, possibly. But Hornstein . . .

The chief called his men together.

"I want Joe Fisher and Andy Merola trailed. Put a twenty-four-hour tail on them. But don't touch them. Don't make them suspicious."

He turned to another group of inspectors:

"You fellows find Herbert Hornstein and bring him in. I think we've got a wedge in this case."

His men had trouble digging up Hornstein. But they brought him some interesting information. On the morning of the robbery, Hornstein had been loafing in a drugstore, listening to the radio's first news flash of the Fall River job.

Breslin nodded at this news.

"Hornstein knew of that stick-up in advance, all right. Now, if we tip our hand, the whole gang's going to flee. We'll have to tail Merola and take our chances. But I've got another plan for Fisher and Hornstein. Hornstein's trial for that microscope theft is pending. I'll see Attorney General Hartigan of Rhode Island. He'll push the trial date up for us. Same thing for Fisher's appeal on the auto charge. They'll come into court without suspecting anything. We'll have our witnesses planted in court to see if they can identify them."

Andino Merola, who took a drink and went for a drive with Carl Rettich.

It was an ingenious plan. When the advanced date for Hornstein's trial arrived, he had the rooming-house people in the courtroom. And then another break came—a bad one. Herbert Hornstein, alias Frederick Powers, alias Peter Dubois, did not appear for trial.

He had vanished.

HERBERT HORNSTEIN had been in the drugstore early, the morning of the Fall River mail robbery. Joe Fisher was to call him there if anything went wrong, and he was to drive to Fisher's rescue.

Hornstein spent the whole day in the drugstore, listening to radio accounts of the crime; received no call from his bosom pal. That night the call came:

"I'll be in the men's room at the Strand Theater. Meet me there in half an hour, sharp."

Hornstein borrowed fifty cents from a fellow in the drugstore and kept the appointment.

"Everything's O. K., kid. Went off perfectly. But we can't talk here. Some one'll walk in on us. Come on."

They went into the darkened theater and watched the picture. Later they went to the Rialto Hotel in Providence, where Fisher took a double room. The next morning he had papers sent up. Hornstein found the paragraph first and went white.

"Joe! Some guy got the license number! That was that Dubois license I bought for you. What'll I do?"

Fisher read it, tossed the paper down with a curse.

"Do nothing. Sit tight. What's over is over. Too bad that sucker got the number, but they'll never take you for Dubois with that mustache of yours shaved off. You'll have to get out of town, of course."

"I'm broke."

HORNSTEIN saw Fisher eying him coldly in a morose appraisal. He pulled himself together. It would never do to let Fisher see the yellow seep through. If Fisher got the idea that he couldn't take it, he'd have more to fear from Fisher than from the law.

"Nothing to be scared of, kid," Fisher said quietly, "so long as you don't lose your head. You wouldn't do that, would you? Here, take this." And Fisher handed him twenty dollars.

What kind of money was that? How far away could he go on twenty bucks? He had to have more. They couldn't do this to him!

He opened his mouth to tell Fisher as much. And then a second stab of fear caught him. If he beefed about the twenty dollars, Fisher would figure he was trying to shake him down. And Fisher wouldn't stand for a shakedown any more than he would for a guy that was yellow.

What a spot! He was in the worst jam of his life—and they threw him twenty bucks!

He took the bill. He managed to keep his hand and voice steady. "Thanks, Joe," he said.

"It's all right," said Gloomy Joe paternally. "And there'll be more." He didn't say how much more." "This Peter Dubois angle changes things, but don't you worry. I'm gonna borrow some dough from my sister. And I'll be gettin' my split soon.

"We hadn't figured on cutting you in on this job, you know. But things are changed now. When I get my share from Rettich, I'll tell him the fine preliminary work you did for us."

Cripes! thought Fisher. If Rettich tumbles to this!

"Do you know, Herb," he said warmly, "I was watching out for you

Dreams came true for Ruth Martin, Watertown, N. Y. school girl, when she was . . .

. . . crowned Queen of Fashion of the State of New York by Walter Thornton, famous "Merchant of Venus." In running this style contest he . . .

. . . traveled throughout the state in a car using Sinclair products. You'll find you've picked a winner, too, when you try . . .

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. . . Sinclair products in your car. And here's another tip. Be sure to ask your Sinclair dealer about his special "Sinclair-ize for Winter" service. It prepares your car for winter as its manufacturer recommends.

NEVER MIND, FIDO– I'M SLEEPING IN MY OWN BED THIS TIME
FIDO
I'LL BE IN THE DOGHOUSE WHEN THE LITTLE WOMAN SNIFFS MY BREATH
TAKE ONE OF THESE CHASERS AND SHE'LL SWALLOW YOUR STORY ABOUT WORKING TONIGHT
CHASERS
IT'S A SHAME YOU HAVE TO WORK SO HARD. BETTER HAVE ONE LITTLE SNIFTER TO BUCK YOU UP

CHASERS

kill alcohol breath–
tobacco and onions, too
Package of 5 tablets–5c

all the time on that job. Like a sap, I forgot to take those bolt cutters with me to get the Dubois plates off the car. When it came time to leave that car and scram, I was in a spot. How would I get those plates off? The rest of the mob was yelling at me to hurry—even wanting me to leave the plates on the car. Can you imagine that? Me letting a pal down? I told 'em to wait. I yanked till I thought I'd break my fingers, Herb. But I ripped those plates off that car with my bare hands." He finished the fable with a self-satisfied purr.

Hornstein's face was soft with gratitude, his eyes warm with mellow affection.

Aloud, with proper huskiness, he said:

"You did that for me, Joe?"

To himself he was saying:

"The lying heel. It says right in the paper that the cops found those bolt cutters on the front seat."

IN the crime castle, the day after the robbery, Carl Rettich lowered the newspaper he was reading and looked at Andino Merola. Rettich's round face was blank, his slate-gray eyes without expression.

"Andy," he said, "what's this Peter Dubois angle?"

Merola gulped. "Oh, that," he said. "That was one of the phony names Fisher and I used to get plates that wouldn't be hot. How'd they find out about them? We took 'em off the car."

"Some guy saw the stick-up." Rettich's voice was quite calm, soft. "Just who got those plates under the Dubois name? You—or Fisher?"

"Why, uh . . . it was Fisher."

"The description of this Peter Dubois doesn't fit Fisher. Fisher hasn't got a mustache."

"I got a mustache."

"Sure. You just got through saying Fisher got the plates. Just who"—Rettich spaced his words—"is Peter Dubois?"

"I'm telling you, Carl—"

Merola got no further. Carl Rettich was on his feet. His hand swept his coffee cup from the table in front of him. It shattered, as Merola watched—numb, fascinated—against the wall.

"You're telling me lies. You dirty pair of double-crossers! You brought an outside man into this job. Who is Peter Dubois?"

Merola shrank at the word "double-crosser." Legs Carella had been a double-crosser — Legs Carella who wound up as a ghastly unidentifiable thing in a grave of lime, his feet hacked off, his body eaten away.

Carl Rettich seized Merola's collar, shook him until his teeth grated and his eyes popped.

"For God's sake, Carl—" he choked.

"Who is Peter Dubois?"

"If you'll let me—"

Rettich let go of him then. Merola sat there coughing for several moments. Then, weakly, he began:

"It was like this . . ."

Rettich listened to the story and, as he listened, his gray eyes and his face became blank again. Merola finished, still badly frightened.

"Where is this guy Hornstein now?" Rettich demanded.

"I don't know. Fisher would know."

"The cops'll check on him. They'll find Fisher's his pal. That means that Fisher'll be hot. You, too. I worked on that Fall River job until I had it perfect. Letter-perfect. And then you two fatheads—"

"Look, Carl," pleaded Merola. "I know what we done was wrong. You always told us not to take an outsider in. And I didn't want to. I told Fisher, when he—"

Rettich waved the explanation aside.

"The heat's on," he said. "Now listen, Andy. Pass the word to Fisher to get this Hornstein away from here, and then get under cover—fast. You should be safe, but watch yourself. The cops'll probably tail you. I'll figure out angles on this thing. But you and I have got to stick close together now."

Merola, scarcely able to believe that the storm had passed, said, "No hard feelings then?"

Rettich shook his head.

"Gee, Carl, that cut deep, calling me a double-crosser."

"Skip it," said Rettich. "I was burned, that's all. You go out and cruise around. See just how much heat is on, if you can."

"Sure."

Merola left the crime castle humming. Rettich poured himself a drink of whisky. His cold eyes fastened upon the doorway through which Merola had gone.

"The slimy little rat," he muttered. "He spilled to me, when I put the pressure on. He'd spill to the cops, if he spilled to me. He put the finger on Fisher. He'd put the finger on me."

He started to raise the drink to his mouth. Before it reached there, his moving arm stopped. He looked—looked long and thoughtfully—at the glass of whisky.

FISHER got under cover promptly and cleverly. Chief Breslin had had his auto-driving case advanced. Unlike Hornstein, who disappeared, he promptly came into court, pleaded guilty to driving without a license, and took his sentence—three months in the county jail at Howard, Rhode Island.

It wasn't like Gloomy Joe to take a jail sentence so cheerfully. Chief Breslin determined to find out why. He hit upon a ruse—old but effective. He sent Postal Inspector Carl Chatto to jail on a false charge. Chatto as a fellow prisoner won Gloomy Joe's confidence.

"What they got you for?" he asked Joe one day.

"Drivin' without a license. Three months."

"Too bad."

"Not so bad. I'm under cover on a big job."

That made it clear enough. Joe was

taking an easy rap to beat a hard one. They had him on ice for three months, so they turned to the search for Hornstein.

All mail addressed to the Brown University graduate's home was being watched. One day a letter came, postmarked Los Angeles, containing the return address: "Herbert Harris, 6615 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood."

Breslin checked the handwriting in the letter against samples of Hornstein's handwriting he had managed to obtain. This was it. He wired postal inspectors in California a full description. He rushed a photograph by air mail, and the investigation swung three thousand miles from the scene of the crime.

California's postal G-men went to work. They tailed Harris from his roominghouse, studied him. They phoned Breslin: "Harris is Hornstein."

Chief Breslin and Inspector Thomas Cronin flew to the Coast. Hornstein's landlady said she had a roomer named Herbert Harris. He was busy writing two scenarios.

THEY gave his room a look-see. They found the scenarios. One was titled The Perfect Crime; the other, Love on the Arizona Desert. Breslin found something else—a blotter. There must have been thousands like it in Los Angeles, for it was the conventional kind, with advertising matter about a bank.

On an off hunch, Breslin pocketed it. He and Cronin went to the bank. He identified himself, produced a photograph of Hornstein. Did any one who looked like that have an account there?

A teller instantly recognized the picture. Hornstein, under the name of Harris (which he signed in Yiddish, pretending he could not write English), had opened an account, depositing bills of the same denominations as those taken in the Fall River hold-up.

After Breslin had to return East, Cronin trailed Hornstein for days. Hornstein was down on his luck, in need of clothes. He went into a Los Angeles store, tried on a suit, ran out without paying. He was caught and jailed. He said he was from Seattle.

Postal Inspector Cronin stepped in now, with Inspectors Edward Kline and C. D. Lowe of the Los Angeles office and Detective Lieutenant Chester A. Lloyd of the local police department.

They dragged contradictory statements out of Hornstein, tore his lies to shreds, assured him that a minimum of twenty-five years in Alcatraz would be the reward of a man convicted of armed mail robbery.

He did what Chief Breslin knew he would do. He broke down. He admitted that he was Hornstein. He admitted registering the "hot" car. And the pal who had used him for a cat's-paw he now turned on:

"I did it on the orders of Joe Fisher."

Cronin was jubilant. For the first

A perfect blend—
A perfect friend

IN 1913. . "About the time of this picture I was doin' my darnedest to like pipe smoking but it wasn't until I came across Union Leader, that I found how sweet and mellow a pipe tobacco could be. And Union Leader and me are even better pals today than 25 years ago."

TODAY . . . "I'm 65 now and looking back at a long life, I can truthfully say Union Leader has done a lot to make the hard times easier and the good times better. I never expect to find kindlier tobacco I like so well at any price." Mr. E. G. Ross, Newport, Minn.

Union Leader

UNION LEADER
SMOKING TOBACCO

10¢
FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

ALWAYS . . . Day in and day out, for more than a third of a century, UNION LEADER has brought thousands of men deep smoking contentment. This choice hill-grown Burley from Kentucky is aged in oak and specially processed to remove all burn and bite. You'll find it the mellowest, most flavorful tobacco a dime ever bought! Try a tin . . . *today!*

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THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

For 24 Years Vicks Advertising has been passed upon by a Board of Physicians

ESCAPE
Much of the
MISERY
OF COLDS

Use specialized medication for nose and upper throat ...where most colds start

YOU CAN FEEL ITS TINGLING MEDICATION GO TO WORK

Helps Prevent Colds Developing—Don't wait until a miserable cold develops. At the first warning nasal irritation, sneeze or sniffle—put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril immediately. Used in time, Va-tro-nol helps to *prevent* many colds from developing.

Clears Stuffy Head, Too—Even when your head is all clogged up from a neglected cold, Va-tro-nol brings comforting relief. It quickly clears away the clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, helps to keep the sinuses from being blocked by the cold—lets you *breathe* again.

VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL
WORLD'S MOST WIDELY USED MEDICATION OF ITS KIND

DINE WITH WINE

for TASTE TONE

Make your entire dinner taste as good as the first delicious bite

SERVE
GARRETT'S
VIRGINIA DARE LIGHT WINE
AND OTHER GARRETT'S FINEST AMERICAN WINES

The older countries have long known that good wine sipped between bites clears the taste zone . . . sustains "taste tone" . . . assures the full enjoyment of good food throughout the meal. Ask your dealer for delicious Virginia Dare light Wine, Old North State brand Blackberry Wine, Garrett's American Sauternes, Chablis, Claret and Burgundy.
Garrett & Company, Incorporated, General Offices, Brooklyn, N. Y. Established 1835.

time Fisher was directly connected with the mail robbery. And the beautiful part of it was that Fisher was already in jail, where he'd gone voluntarily, happily. That made happiness unanimous.

Hornstein was hedging now. He didn't know who else had been in on the job. An obvious lie, but Cronin was satisfied. The next day he flew Hornstein back East. Their plane was grounded in Pittsburgh. Chief Breslin, with Inspectors Jefferson and Hadfield and Captain Buchanan of the Providence police, came on to Pittsburgh.

For seventeen hours they questioned Hornstein, blew up his lies in his face. When the truth came, it came like a gusher. Twenty-nine typewritten sheets of confession: the inside story you have just read, of the Fall River hold-up.

And, for the first time, authorities were made aware of the fact that the genial, well dressed, well-to-do "Mr. Ryerson" of Warwick Neck was the master mind of America's Worst Gang.

The young outsider had ripped the mask of respectability from the face of "Mr. Ryerson" in order to save his own fine neck.

HORNSTEIN had named names: Rettich, Andy Merola, Gloomy Joe Fisher, Sonny McGlone, Charley Harrigan, and Terrible Tommy Dugan. If the mob learned that he had squealed, they would get him if it meant a massacre. Next day, when he was brought to Boston, the postal inspectors took utmost precautions. As the train passed through the Providence depot, they had him hidden, heavily guarded, in a compartment and disguised with a derby and dark glasses.

The Fall River job had been planned in the Federal District of Rhode Island, committed in the Federal District of Massachusetts. A clever lawyer might, Breslin feared, tear a truck hole through that conflict of jurisdiction.

On the advice of United States Attorneys J. Howard McGrath of Rhode Island and Francis J. W. Ford of Massachusetts, he had his men move Hornstein, still heavily disguised, into Rhode Island to validate the warrants in that state. There Hornstein was taken not to a crowded federal courtroom in Providence but to United States Attorney McGrath's home, where a warrant awaited him. He was held, still secretly, as a material witness.

Chief Breslin called in Captain Francis J. Buchanan, head of the detective division of the Providence police. Superintendent Edward J. Kelley of the Rhode Island State Police, temporarily in charge of the Providence police and fire departments, readily agreed to Chief Breslin's request for the invaluable services of Captain Buchanan and volunteered himself to help round up the Rettich gang.

On April 24, 1935, Chief Breslin called twenty-one New England postal inspectors into his office in the Federal Building in Boston. He assigned to each man a part in the round-up. Then, since Breslin wanted Rettich first, a lieutenant of the Rhode Island State Police was posted on the road near the crime castle. The arrest was to be secret.

There was no arrest. The dismal word came back that Carl Rettich was not at home.

Had there been a tip-off? Breslin called New York, ordered postal inspectors there to search the apartment Rettich maintained at 444 Central Park West. Rettich was not there either.

"All right," snapped Breslin. "We'll get Merola. He ought to know where Rettich is."

He had learned that Merola appeared daily at the Majestic Spa and the Paddock Hotel. A second trap was set, to be sprung along in the afternoon of April 25.

But early that afternoon a Providence policeman, Lieutenant Detective John M. McGurl, saw a car on Gaspee Street driving in the direction of Massachusetts. He saw and recognized the occupants of that car.

The driver was Andino Merola. The well dressed man sitting beside him was Carl Rettich. Detective McGurl didn't know postal inspectors were looking for either man.

The postal inspectors who awaited Merola's customary arrival at the Majestic Spa or the Paddock Hotel were disappointed. Not only had Rettich disappeared but now Merola apparently had fled. And again Chief Breslin wondered whether, despite his careful efforts to maintain absolute secrecy, there had been a tip-off.

It was uncanny the way both men had slipped through his fingers, Rettich one day, Merola the next. This gang was a slippery one. And clever. It battled with every weapon money could buy. It bribed. It used trick gadgets. It wiped out traitors mercilessly. It did its deadly work with lime, guns, poison, drugs—all under the leadership of the coolest, brainiest criminal Breslin had ever tried to lay hands on.

TWO days were gone, and he'd chalked up a goose egg. Still, he was a firm believer in hanging on to a case. He called in his men.

"We missed Merola today at his hangouts. I want him in here tomorrow. We know the license number of his car—92-611. We've got a twenty-four-hour guard on his home in Johnston. We may have him yet, tonight."

Nevertheless the next morning at nine o'clock Andy Merola still was presumably at large.

At ten o'clock the chief and his men tuned in on a radio news broadcast to learn if any of their activities had leaked out. That broadcast revealed no public leak. But it did bring Breslin the shock of his life.

An automobile had just been found by Massachusetts police on the shore of Lake Pearl, in Wrentham. In that car was the unidentified body of a ride victim. The car bore Rhode Island registration 92-611.

It was the automobile of Andino Merola.

The astounded postal inspectors knew whose that unidentified body would be. Cronin went to the morgue at Attleboro, to which it had been removed. It was Merola's all right.

He had been murdered the day before—April 25.

It was on the afternoon of April 25 that the Providence detective had seen him driving his car with Rettich on the seat beside him.

Merola had been shot once, at close range, through the right temple. When the detective saw the car, Rettich had, of course, been sitting on Merola's right.

Merola seemingly had put up no fight. There proved to be an excellent reason for this. Excellent and, in keeping with the ghastly traditions of Carl Rettich's gang, somewhat sinister in its efficiency.

The autopsy disclosed it. He had died in a stupor. In his stomach was found chloral hydrate — knockout drops—"the drink."

How Handy Gun Harrigan chanced to have an eye shot out; how the gang was rounded up and the Boss, having surrendered, planned and all but accomplished a jail break; and exactly how these devils behaved en route to Atlanta in Marshal Murphy's custody—all this will be disclosed to you next week in the concluding installment of the marshal's inside story!

✫ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ✫

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **LILLIAN WALD** by R. L. Duffus. The Macmillan Company.

The struggles of a famous American nurse and social worker to alleviate some of the suffering and hardships of those living in the crowded foreign sections of New York City.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1—William Somerset Maugham.
2—The pomegranate.
3—Nothing.
4—Woodrow Wilson, Georges Clemenceau, and David Lloyd George.
5—Hell—good intentions.
6—William Allen, in a speech he made in the U. S. Senate in 1844.
7—The U. S. Military Academy at West Point, New York.
8—Genesis 8:9: "But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot."
9—Ferde Grofe.
10—A banker.
11—No—else a haircut would be painful.
12—George Washington.
13—"Duke" Paoa Kahanamoku.
14—Oregon.
15—Mexico.
16—Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, whose grandfather changed the family name from Mansson.
17—Nickel and chromium.
18—That of National Commander of the American Legion.
19—Minerals.
20— A. Einstein

"DON'T GO A-WOOING WITH A STEWING PIPE!"

YOU CAN'T BLAME her old man for giving young Smith the air. That briar Smitty puffs on has an overpowering smell like the first batch of biscuits a bride burns!

"NO DAUGHTER of mine can go with a young whippersnapper that smokes such rank stuff! He should clean his pipe and fill up with *mild*, tasty tobacco like my Sir Walter."

SMART GIRL! It didn't take *her* long to profit by her Dad's good advice! She grabbed that tin of Sir Walter Raleigh out of his hand before he knew what had happened!

NO PROBLEM HERE! The girl got the boy. The boy got the world's mildest blend of sweet 'n' fragrant burleys. And if Father is lucky, he'll get his two-ounce tin back!

UNION MADE

Switch to the brand of grand aroma

FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for your copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. L-811.

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday evening, NBC Red Network.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later—Your Favorite Tobacco"
HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

READING TIME
9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE MAN WITH

THEODORE ROOSEVELT—Roosevelt the First—had just finished one of those speeches in which he dug his great teeth into everything and everybody from mollycoddles to malefactors of great wealth and seemed momentarily on the point of swallowing his mustache. The effect was tremendous. The audience rose to his concluding falsetto, cheering thunderously.

Across the sea of swaying, roaring humanity I caught the calm blue eye of blond, youthful Walter Sherman Gifford. There was a look of childlike satisfaction in that eye, an expression of beatific happiness on that downy, cherubic countenance.

I knew what that expression meant. I had seen it before. Walter's exaltation wasn't due to T. R.'s speech. He was happy because he was struggling with some baffling problem in mental statistics.

In the twenty years which followed, I saw Walter Gifford many times, in moments of strain and in moments of relaxation, and I never saw him stripped of that unruffled mental detachment. The man lives with facts—and has a wonderful time with them.

"My first promotion," explains the still youthful-looking president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, "came as a direct result of putting facts to work for the company."

Gifford thinks that "putting facts to work" is the best way for any one to get a promotion. His own career is certainly evidence of the truth of that belief.

"Business," says Walter Gifford, "is now based on facts—statistical, technical, scientific."

Perhaps he doesn't do justice to himself or to business by these limiting adjectives. Human facts, and moral facts, too, played a part in his success.

When he was a boy, his father, who ran a small lumberyard, hired him to clean out a bin where odds and ends of boards were dumped. Little Walter worked industriously for a couple of hours, picked up the last stick in the bin, and hustled around for the twenty-five-cent daily wage that had been promised him.

"Son," said the elder Gifford, "I never pay out large sums of money until I'm sure the job has been well done."

On returning to the bin with his father, Walter was amazed to see that the mill had gone right on working. The bin was again filled with sticks.

"That taught me," he said long afterward, "what it means to be a small wheel in a big machine. No matter how small you are, you mustn't stop turning."

Gifford's mother was a schoolteacher who retired from public life to raise a school of children of her own. She had nine. Walter, who came along on January 10, 1885, gives her credit for readying him for high school at eleven. At sixteen he entered Harvard; and at nineteen, the business world. He got a job as pay-roll clerk with the Western Electric Company in Chicago, a subsidiary of A. T. & T.

Young Gifford didn't have any pull, but in twenty years he managed to rise from pay-roll clerk in the Western affiliate, at ten dollars a week, to president of the parent company, the A. T. & T., at $200,000 a year.

Specifically, what started Walter Gifford to the top of the telephone pole was staying up all one night working out a system of short cuts which reduced the work of the pay-roll department about fifty per cent. After he had exhibited his graphs to the company's secretary and controller, he was promptly moved over to a clerkship in that gentleman's office.

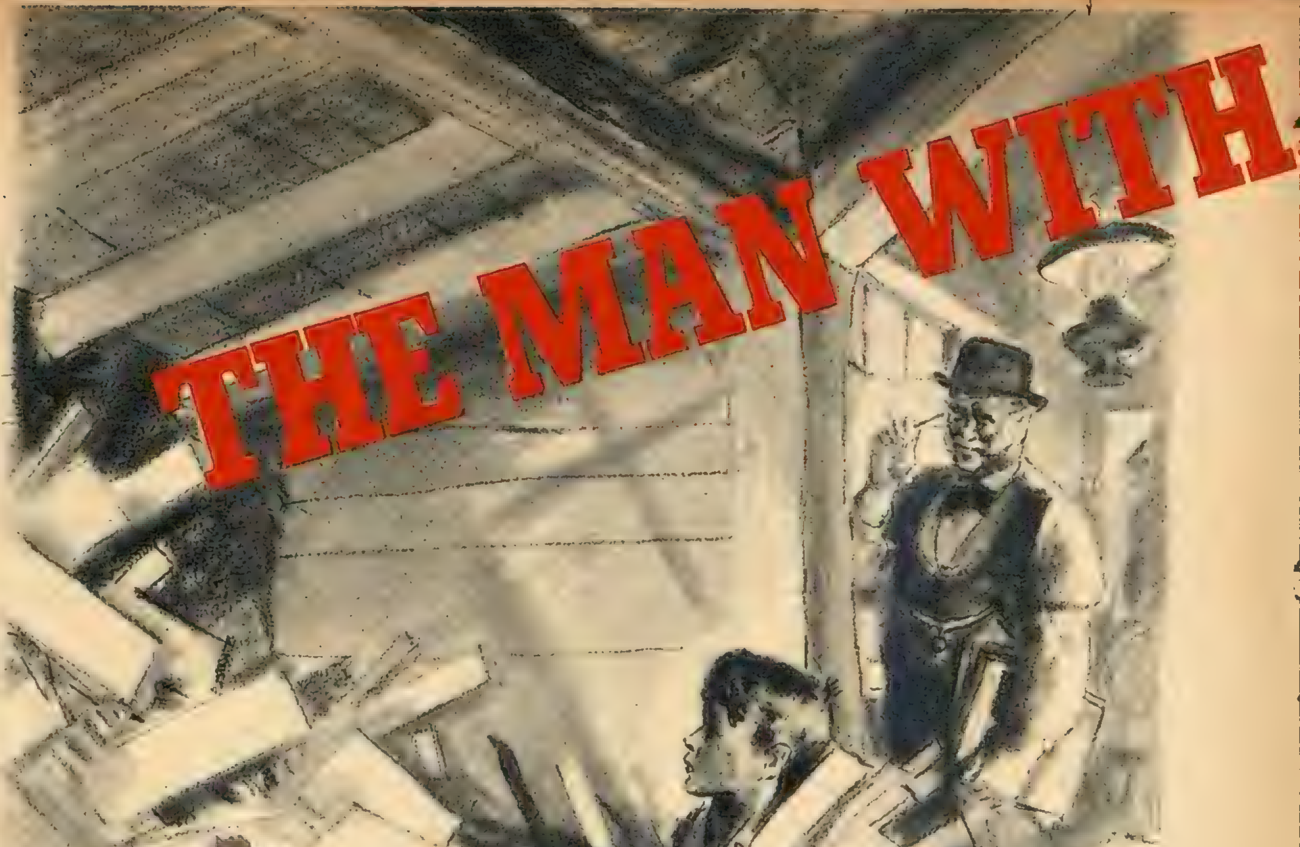
Two years later, when he was twenty-two, he became assistant secretary and treasurer of the company, and went to the Boston office, ostensibly to reorganize the accounting system. Actually, he established a new department of statistics, which has become one of the most complete bureaus of information in the United States.

One morning, Theodore Vail, president of the A. T. & T., called up his young statistician, and said:

"I want a report on the use of the telegraph."

This was a poser for Walter. The only telegraph in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was in the name. How was he to know that Mr. Vail had just bought the controlling stock of Western Union? Most young men would have asked the boss what he wanted; but Gifford simply collected all the *facts* that he considered important.

The first thing he did was to find out how many messages the telegraph wires were capable of handling each day. Then he found out how many messages they actually were handling. Then he subtracted the second figure from the first. The difference was appalling. Old Man Vail couldn't believe his eyes—but he did believe



His father hired young Walter to clean out a bin where odds and ends of boards were dumped.

WALTER S. GIFFORD

them when the young man showed him how to put his facts to work.

Result: The night letter and the day letter to take up the slack during dull hours.

Gifford was putting the full force of his growing influence in the company behind employee and customer stock ownership when the war broke out. He was commandeered at once for service in Washington. The company "loaned" him to the government, and the government kept him "for the duration," first as director of the Committee on Industrial Preparedness and later as director of the Council of National Defense.

His patriotic duties discharged, Gifford returned to the A. T. & T. as vice-president in charge of finances; and in 1925, at the age of forty, became head of this largest of the world's corporations and subsequently one of James W. Gerard's fifty-nine "Rulers of America."

Although a generalissimo of statistics, Gifford is not a statistician in the academic mathematical sense. Although head of the largest communications system in the world, he is not a technical communications expert. Although custodian of an annual net operating income exceeding $200,000,000 and corporate assets exceeding $4,000,000,000, he is not, in the banking sense, a financier. He is, however, the best example we have yet produced of that dominant factor in big-time business—management.

Since all we see of the Telephone Company is the instrument on our wall or table, it is hard for us to realize that there are 15,600,000 of these instruments in active service throughout the country, that there are 115,000 girls in Telephone Company exchanges answering 70,000,000 calls a day. The only business in the world that compares with this in magnitude is the United States Post Office.

High lights on Walter S. Gifford, a utility official who says "Don't hoodwink the public"—and means it!

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

The Telephone Company, although a private enterprise, has long since outgrown the domination of any one private group of bankers or investors. Mr. Vail's policy—first suggested by Gifford—was to extend stock ownership to employees and customers. Mr. Thayer, who succeeded Mr. Vail, and Mr. Gifford, who succeeded Mr. Thayer, have pushed this policy, until now there are well over half a million holders of A. T. & T. stock with an average holding of thirty shares each. The largest stockholder owns less than one per cent of the corporation's securities.

Here, then, is a commercial situation which cries out for management, rather than banker, control. The man chosen by the directors to manage the American Telephone and Telegraph Company actually does manage it—almost as completely as if the business were his own business, the 270,000 employees his own employees, and the 15,000,000 customers his own customers.

"I am merely a trustee," is the modest way Gifford explains it, "of that in which the three factors—capital, labor, and the public—are all interested."

Mr. Gifford believes this. He is genuinely public-minded. He has shown that fact not only during the war but since: notably when he risked his reputation for soundness of judgment and clear vision of future events by listening to President Hoover's entreaties to head the latter's futile Committee on Unemployment Relief.

What the President wanted Gifford to do was to avoid the necessity of government relief by raising money throughout the country to take care of the growing army of unemployed. Gifford told the President, after sixty days of fact-finding, that the thing couldn't be done—that it was a job that only the government could do.

It is in his own business, however, that he has exhibited most clearly the attitude of stewardship which lifts him to a preferred position among leaders of present-day business. In 1927, when practically all American corporations were cutting "melons" for their stockholders, and Wall Street was momentarily expecting A. T. & T. to do the same, Walter Gifford rose at a convention in Dallas, Texas, and made it clear that the only cutting his corporation would do would be "a cutting of telephone rates or an improvement in telephone service."

Echoes of this attitude have been heard in every counsel room where he has had a voice. A recent instance was a stockholders' meeting of his company, when a minority faction suggested splitting up the stock to make the regular $9 dividend look like $4.50.

"The company," he said, with as much severity as ever enters into his public manner, "should not try to hoodwink the public at all."

It was this policy, applied to all his business dealings, which enabled him to say, when the busy Senate investigators finally got around to the Telephone Company:

"In a business such as ours, which so vitally concerns so many people, the public has a right to the fullest information on how its affairs are conducted. We therefore have no objections to investigation by properly constituted authorities at any time. We have no skeleton in the closet to be exposed."

Because of this known public-minded policy of the head of the A. T. & T., and because of his unusual ability to marshal the facts about his business and put them to work, and because of his quick native wit, Walter Gifford has not been an easy target for headline-hunting professional politicians and professional investigators. When young Mr. Becker, special counsel for the Senate committee, asked Walter whether, in return for his $200,000 salary, he worked the regular A. T. & T. five-day week, the latter replied:

"That is correct—plus the other two days."

When Mr. Becker tried to show that the Telephone Company's manufacturing its own equipment tended to make the cost of such equipment too high, Mr. Gifford explained that the reason the company had gone into manufacturing was to see that the prices were reasonable.

"You mean," asked Becker, "that the public relies on your integrity?"

"No," snapped Gifford, "the public relies on our not being stupid."

On his public appearances Gifford is an exceedingly colorful person. But he makes those appearances as seldom as he possibly can because he loathes limelight.

Week days, or rather week nights, this quiet, humorous, and lovable man lives in New York City, on East Seventieth Street, in a big house suitable for entertaining. Week-ends he lives on a farm up Westchester way.

He has practically given up tennis since Sherman, the older of his two sons—the other's name is Richard—threatens to make a Don Budge rout of the Gifford family championship; but he plays a little golf and, if pressed, will ride a horse or sail a boat.

His idea of a really good time, however, is to sit in his office, high above the Hudson, with Vice-President Miller by his side and talk to his colleague, not directly but by telephone to California; by short-wave radio to Bandung, Java, and back to Amsterdam, Holland; by cable to London; by telephone again to Rugby, England; by short wave again to Netcong, New Jersey; and finally by telephone into Mr. Miller's ear.

You see, Walter Gifford loves the telephone business—almost as much as the telephone business loves him!

THE END

Magnificent fool

BY WALTON GREEN

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PUBLIC attention becomes focused on Patience Carmichael, who is working on a revolutionary influenza formula. The combined efforts of Prescott Cheney, drug manufacturer, Judith David, an advertising woman who went to college with Patience, and Dr. Minorcas Brown, a psychiatrist, induce the girl chemist to join the staff of Cheney Chemical. It is hoped that her formula, when completed, may save this old-time firm from bankruptcy. A rival concern, " the Werfel crowd," is anxious to absorb Cheney Chemical.

Work on the influenza serum is slow, and although Prescott is falling in love with Patsy, their relationship is taut and troubled. Also, Dr. Minorcas Brown has his fingers in the pie. Cynical, amoral, he tries to exercise his fascination on Patsy, without success. Then he turns his arts of love upon Judith. She proves susceptible.

Furthermore, because Prescott's mother is one of his important dupes, Dr. Brown makes up his mind to save Cheney Chemical from ruin. To that end he inspires Dr. Joe Lucas, a drunkard, to devise a scheme of shady redemption.

Ascertaining that Cheney Chemical has a huge stock of typhoid vaccine on hand, Lucas turns loose a " Typhoid Mary " to scare the country, which will bring in orders. It works. Prescott finds himself overwhelmed with business.

LLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

But the fraud is brought to light. Immediately the head of Cheney Chemical wires the facts to his importunate customers, at the risk of losing everything. Fighting with Prescott against fate, Patsy speeds work on her formula. The situation appears to be hopeless.

Unexpectedly, Judith inherits a million dollars. But Prescott won't listen to such aid. Then Judith offers her money to Dr. Brown for his "foundation." He accepts. Dumfounded, Patsy learns that he and Judith are married!

A sudden awakening, a grim adventure befall a lovely heroine who thought her heart held no room for romance

PART SIX—A DOOR TO DANGER

ONE fine morning a few days after Judith's precipitate marriage, Patience Carmichael looked up from her laboratory desk to find Prescott Cheney at her elbow. Prescott laid a folded newspaper beside her notebook and pointed to a story from New Orleans. His face bore the boyish grin which had been so little in evidence these past weeks.

"*That*, I think, is funny," said he.

Patience read the headlines, then the story. Dr. Lucas' Typhoid Mary had been located by the authorities in a roominghouse in the old Spanish quarter of New Orleans. She had been stabbed in a drunken quarrel by an octoroon and she was quite dead.

Patience straightened up from her notebook and stretched her long legs out beneath the desk.

"Whew!" she exclaimed, and then, with almost a man's sardonic grimness: "You don't suppose Joe Lucas hired the octoroon, do you?"

"Not quite, I imagine," laughed Prescott. "But it's a good break for Joe, at that. I gave him three days to call off his fake woman. This does it for him, and saves his face too."

"He's probably forgotten all about it," suggested Patsy. "He's been drinking terribly this last week. I've seen him several times—since Jude went: but I can't do anything with him."

"Why *should* you do anything with him?" Scott demanded irritably.

"Because Judith asked me to. She telephoned me from Boston. Lucas has been telegraphing and calling her up at all hours. He's gone completely to pieces. He's been in love with her for a long time, you know."

"Humph! Fine way to show it: when she's just married another man."

"They're coming back next week. Jude writes that they'll come to our flat first, so that she can collect some of her things. I thought I'd have a little surprise supper ready for them. It would be fun if you'd turn up too. Just the four of us."

"Thanks," said Scott doubtfully. "I'll make it if I can." He was divided between his pleasure at Pat's asking him and his distaste for Dr. Min's society. But of course, now that Min was safely married—

Patience was absently turning over the pages of the paper. Another item caught her eye.

"Hullo," she murmured, "here's something in my line. Flu outbreak in Indo-China." She read to herself a few moments. "Humph! Well, it's a long way off from here yet. But you never can tell when it will appear."

Patience laced her hands over one knee and drew herself into a preoccupied bowknot.

"Oh," she breathed, half to herself, "how I wish—how I *wish* I could get it—before then." She let go her knee, and her foot slapped decisively to the floor. "You know, Scott—it's silly and unscientific of me to come bleating to you like a motherless lamb every time I get a little discouraged—*or* encouraged—about the phage. Because all you really want to know is how many monks I kill or cure: isn't that it?"

"Cut out the overture, Patsy," grinned Scott. "What's on your mind?"

"Well, my last batch of phage—I washed it by another method—looks pretty good. It hasn't killed anything—yet; and it's actually curing about seventy per cent of the weasels I shot with it."

"Splendid," nodded Scott absently.

"What I need, of course"—she was not listening to him—"is more samples. Bigger control groups. Much bigger. And—I'd almost like to try it—er, clinically—pretty soon."

"Clinically!" He regarded her darkly. "Are you suggesting that you want human volunteers? Perhaps you'd like to offer me a cage—between a weasel and a monkey! Upon my word—"

"Don't be an ass!" she snapped. "Not that you'd look so out of place, at that."

They both laughed. For a while they were silent. He took his pipe from his pocket and began to fill it. She toyed with her pencil, making elaborate hachures on her desk pad.

"How are things—on the business end?" she asked in a low voice.

"Better," he said hesitatingly. "Matter of fact, that was one thing I came up to tell you about. There's been an unaccountable pick-up the last week in our general line. Ever since I sent out the telegrams. And surprisingly few cancellations. Queer, too."

"I suppose it never occurred to you they might figure that a firm with integrity enough to send those warning telegrams must make pretty good drugs?" she asked scathingly.

"No, it didn't occur to me. I'd like to think so, Patsy. But I'm afraid you don't know business."

"And I don't want to," she retorted.

"Which brings me to another thing," he went on. "Couple of months ago, when all this trouble was getting under way, I got Usher and Company and the bankers to start an independent industrial analysis of our entire business. With their own outside experts, of course."

"Yes? And what happened?"

"Nothing—yet. But the witch doctors have just submitted their joint report. Some interesting angles to it." He smiled ruefully. "They claim all we've got to do is repackage our products and then blow our own horn. Funny if old Judith had been right all the time, wouldn't it?"

"About advertising more, you mean?"

He nodded, tamping down the ash in his pipe.

His eyes had a glassy look. He let himself down on the couch. "So they're coming here tonight, are they?"

"But how could you get enough money?" asked Patsy.

"That's what I'm going to see about when I go down to Wall Street this afternoon."

"Oh, *make* them give it to you!" said Patsy, turning on him passionately. "Just plain *make* them."

Her vehemence startled him. Her splendid gray eyes, candid as a man's but softly personal as a woman's, were alight with enthusiasm. The man didn't live who wouldn't have taken some of that light to himself. Certainly not Prescott Cheney. He turned a little pale beneath the remnants of his summer tan. And then, with some sixth sense of discretion, he tried to laugh it off. He stood up abruptly.

"Patsy," he said gruffly, "you're too beautiful to talk business to this morning." He laughed again, and turned and walked out.

She stared after him in astonishment. A sense of dismay succeeded the astonishment.

She meditated for a while, scrawling designs on her scratch-pad. Well, she decided, what of it? She'd have to keep him steered clear of the personal note.

Patsy frowned and looked at her watch. Professor Jessups was coming up this morning. It was terribly decent of him, busy as he was at the Stullman Foundation.

She got up from the record desk and walked over to her work desk by the window to speak to one of her assistants.

AN hour later she and Professor Jessups were in the main animal room. Patsy, with her record book in hand, was giving him the case histories of the various groups of weasels and monkeys.

They walked into an adjoining glassed-off cubicle. The walls were lined with two tiers of cages. Each cage had a chart hanging from it.

"This is the flu ward," said Patience. "Ten weasels and ten monkeys. All twenty have been inoculated with flu germs. And the ten on the left wall have been dosed with my latest 2 BX in addition."

Professor Jessups put on his spectacles and studied the charts approvingly.

"Splendid, splendid," he murmured, moving from cage to cage. "You infect them nasally, you say?"

"Yes; with a common atomizer. We've established that much, anyway—that it's only communicated through the nose. The flu phage is given hypodermically, of course; subcutaneous."

He nodded. They were standing before a cage on the side that had not been given the preventive serum.

"That's an awful sick-looking monkey," said Professor Jessups."

"Yes," agreed Patsy. "We really ought not stand too close to them without masks on."

There is nothing in the world—except a grown-up man—that can look so thoroughly sick and sorry for himself as a sick monkey. This particular monkey had the woe of ages and the agony of the primeval forests written across his wrinkled face. He raised his head pathetically, contorted his features in a grimace of despair, and sneezed forcefully into their unprotected faces.

"Oh, hell!" said Patsy in deep disgust. "I ought not to have brought you in without a mask."

Dr. Jessups blew his nose vigorously but said nothing. During the rest of the inspection Patsy was thoughtful. As soon as they got outside they both scrubbed up at the washbasins in the main room. Patsy wore a thoughtful frown. She went to one of the wall cabinets, took down a bottle of 2 BX, and selected a sterile needle. She carried them over to the writing desk. She drew up her sleeve, swabbed a spot on her arm with alcohol, plunged the needle through the rubber cap, and measured the dosage. Dr. Jessups, watching her in silence, shook his head in decisive negation even before Patsy held the needle out to him.

"No, no. You'll have to do it yourself, my child. You have a right to, if you want. But I'll not take the responsibility. I know I ought to. But I'm getting old. But you're a fine woman—a fine woman. God bless my soul!"

He found his hat and coat and went out precipitately.

Patience looked over at the assistants. No. They'd probably feel the way dear old Jessups did. Then she thought of Dr. Guzicka. No, not him either.

She carried her alcohol bottle and hypo back into one of the animal cubicles and sat down on a stool. She pulled up her skirt, swabbed herself a sterile patch on her long white thigh, and pushed the needle in. She laughed to herself. It was easy—with both hands free.

Later that afternoon, Dr. Guzicka dropped in for a word with Patience. One of the technicians informed him that Miss Carmichael had gone home early, as she was not feeling very well.

The director of research asked a few perfunctory questions, and then sat himself at Patsy's record desk in the center of the room. He turned over the last pages of the notebook which lay open on the desk. He did it without concealment, for Patience always gave him access to her data, both as a matter of right and because of the suggestions and help that he might give her.

But this time something that he read gave Dr. Guzicka pause. He pursed his lips and his eyes narrowed shrewdly in thought.

He too left his office early. But he did not go straight home. He dropped in at a near-by cigar store and put in a telephone call. And twenty minutes later he was sitting in the private office of Dr. Hugo Werfel, the chairman of the great and vastly marauding Werfel Drug Corporation.

"Miss Carmichael, I think she is very near," he was saying with a clipped smile. "Und closer too she will get. But"—he paused significantly—"she will not finally sogceed on the present approach—unless I help her."

"Vy so?"

"Because—the solution I belief I haf only myself. Going *vorwärts* from her results—und growing my own cultures from hers—"

Chairman Werfel raised an eyebrow.

"—to all of vich I have the right for Cheney Chemical. Of my borrowing of her cultures she does not know. But I think I have the answer to her difficulties. My result iss not perfection. Much purifying remains to be done. But I belief I could produce now a safe and marketable serum for the influenza."

"Does Cheney know of this?"

"Of course not. I am awaiting which way the cats shall jump. Cheney is one cat—you are the other."

Werfel nodded grimly.

"Zo? If I buy Cheney Chemical I have to buy your improved Carmichael formula from you—it would not come to me from them?"

Dr. Guzicka bowed in assent.

"And if Cheney keeps going on his own, you will withhold your formula from him—at a price?"

"Certainly not," said the chemist indignantly. "I haf not yet positively disgover anything. When I haf, it belongs to the gompany that I work for. I am a scientist, not a thief!"

"Zo?" grunted Dr. Werfel. "But you will make sure not to disgover your final formula until you disgover which company can pay the most for it."

"Eggzactly," agreed Dr. Guzicka.

PRESCOTT sat, this afternoon, across a long table in a long narrow room in Broad Street. His "witch-doctor" committee, as he had called the experts to Patsy, were there; and two bank men and the younger Mr. Usher from the advertising firm.

"What it comes down to, gentlemen," one of the individual experts summed up, "is this. A little fresh capital—and some intelligent advertising, plus some minor merchandising changes like new packaging—is all that Cheney Chemical needs to put it back on its feet again. The quality of their product, their administrative efficiency, their production costs are beyond criticism."

He stopped and lighted a cigar. The bank man, gray-cheeked and impassive at the head of the table, scarcely seemed to listen. He half turned his head to the advertising man.

"What do you say, Usher?"

"I agree one thousand per cent. We have worked out an advertising campaign—"

"What'll it cost?" growled the money man.

"You've the estimates there before you, sir."

The bank man glanced down at the sheet. He seemed uninterested.

"What do you say, Cheney?" he asked in the same flat tone.

"I don't say anything," answered Prescott. "I believe, with your accountants and experts here, that there's a good sporting chance to put it across. I'd like to try it. That's all I can say—or want to say."

"Might be throwing good money after bad," grunted the Wall Streeter.

"Yes," flared Prescott. "And it might make you a killing—with that bonus of common. Otherwise you wouldn't be considering it. I haven't asked you for further money—and I refuse to be put in that position."

The banker removed the pipe from his mouth.

"Lend me your tobacco, Prescott," he rumbled. Suddenly he began to chuckle. Great, hoarse, old-fashioned chuckles. He was a much older man than Prescott.

"His father was like that," he grunted. "I was a young man then. His father used to come in to the bank; tell us what we could lend him—great-favor-to-us stuff, feudal-prince air. Genius as a chemist—keen business man too. Thought all bankers dirt. But we've got respectable since those days, my boy."

"My father might not see eye to eye with you," suggested Prescott, with his boyish grin in full play and boldly playing his role.

The banker lumbered to his feet.

"All right," he grunted. "We'll see you through it. Go ahead, Mr. Usher. And good luck, Prescott. Drop down in a couple of days and we'll fix up the details."

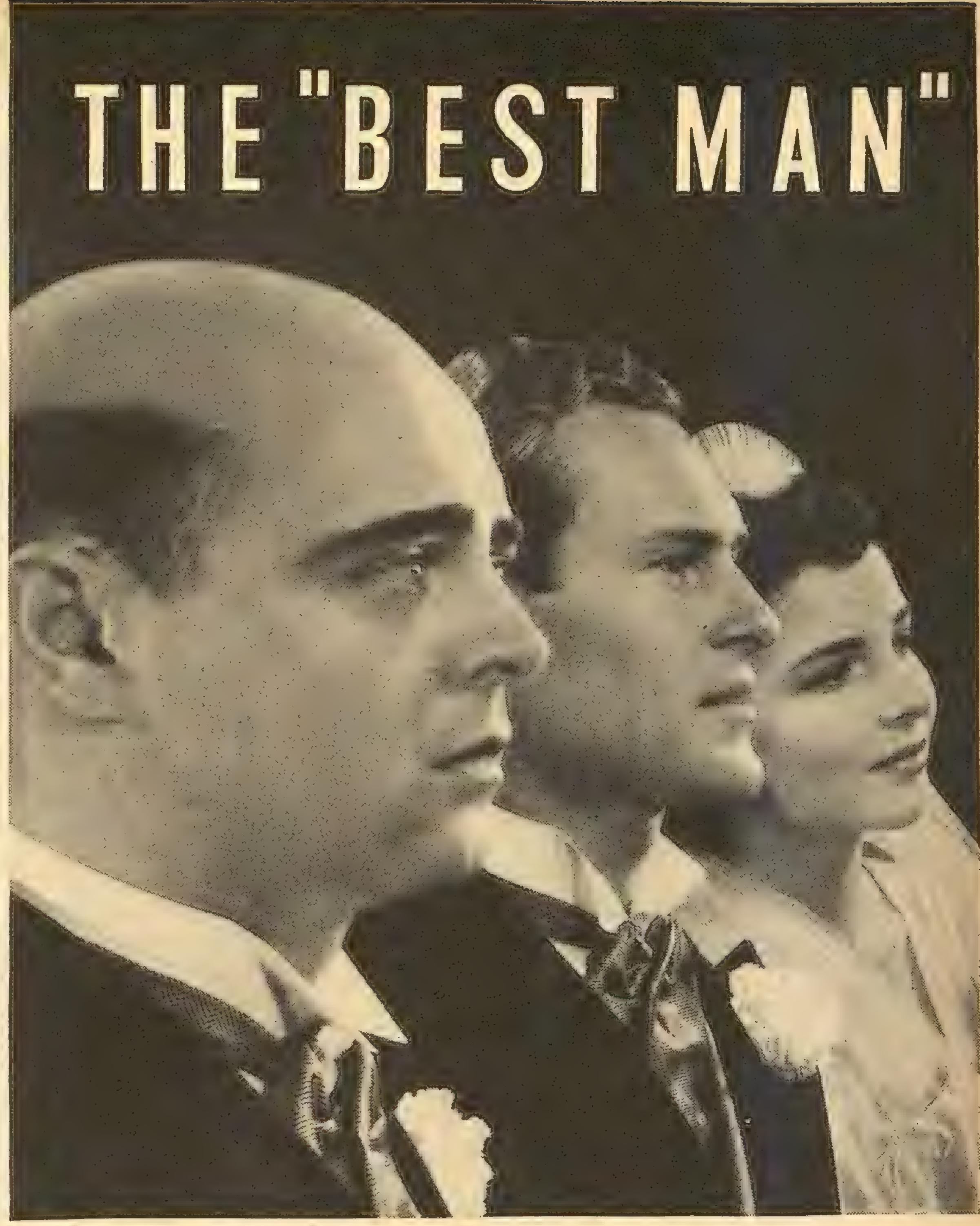
EARLY that night Patience went to bed feeling very miserable. The general reaction from the 2 BX hit her hard. She ran a temperature. All night she tossed and dreamed and perspired. And she had a splitting headache. But by morning she felt much better. And two days later she was quite herself again. And she did not get the flu.

But Dr. Jessups did. Seventy-two hours after he had left the laboratory, he telephoned her in a weak and querulous voice:

"Are you alive? . . . Huh? It did—did it? . . . Well—send me up a dose, will you?"

Three days later he was about again and chipper as a sparrow. Patience was jubilant. She had dared and jumped the great divide between man and monkey. It was only a beginning. Proved nothing. Now she must do a complete blood chemistry on herself and on Dr. Jessups. . . .

It was late in the afternoon. She was at her flat getting the supper things ready for Dr. Min and Judith, who were arriving from Boston. Pat had pushed two card tables together and laid a tea cloth to improvise a dining table. She and Jude had seldom done anything more than breakfast in the flat, and she was put to it to scratch up a supper that wouldn't seem to Jude too reminiscent of their



DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU*

WHEN he stood at the altar he looked ten years older than the groom, yet they were classmates in college.

Such is the measurable tragedy of a bald head. The younger the man the more conspicuous, in business as well as social life.

Don't let this happen to you. Take care of the hair you have. Start now the daily use of Kreml and let its benefits help to keep a head of healthy hair.

Kreml removes every speck of dandruff, relieves itching scalp, and stops excessive falling hair.

After applying Kreml, use the comb and marvel at the results. Kreml is a wonderful dressing; keeps the hair neat as a pin without being greasy or sticky. Kreml gives the hair the look of lustrous new vitality.

Women, too, love Kreml for the alluring sheen it gives the coiffure, especially after a permanent. Ask for Kreml at your druggist's; call for it in better barber shops and beauty parlors.

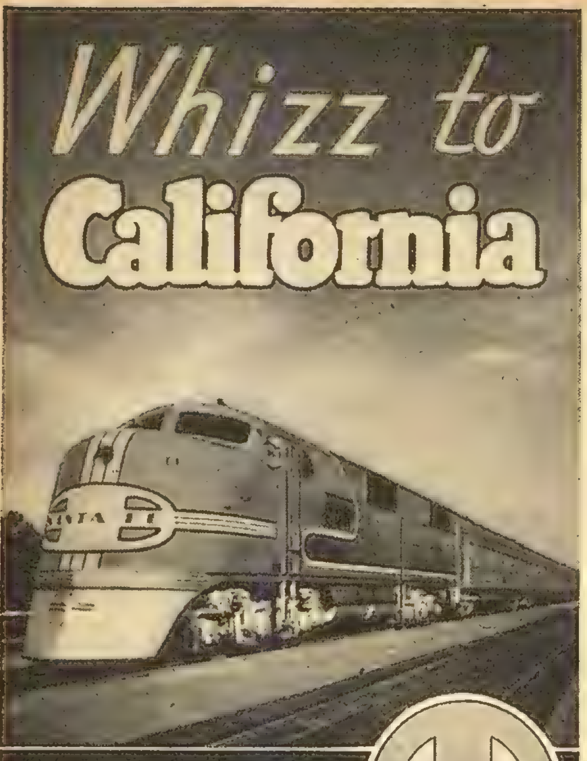
Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It's made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the hair easy to manage.

***Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.**

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Whizz to California



on the gay new Santa Fe

El CAPITAN

America's Only All-Chair-Car Transcontinental Streamliner

● Here's the gleaming little streamliner that has put brand new thrills into western economy travel!

With the speed of the swiftest de luxe trains, *El Capitan* whisks you between Chicago and Los Angeles in just 39¾ hours . . . gives you more time in California.

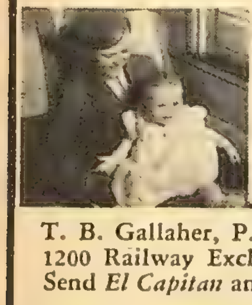
You save money, too . . . because the fares between Chicago and Los Angeles on this jolly windsplitter are only $44.50, one way; only $75 for the round trip!

You'll like the new beauty and comfort of *El Capitan's* modern stainless steel coaches, and spacious dressing rooms; the delicious low-cost meals in the unique lunch counter-tavern car; the special car for women and children; and the trim graduate nurse, her friendly service available to mothers with children and all others aboard.

El Capitan leaves Chicago Tuesdays and Saturdays; Los Angeles, Tuesdays and Fridays.

THE SCOUT

● This popular Santa Fe transcontinental train, also dedicated *entirely* to economy travel, departs daily from Chicago, Kansas City and Los Angeles ● Swift, modern, air-conditioned, it carries new stainless steel chair cars; roomy sleepers; club car for sleeper passengers; Fred Harvey diner, serving delicious 90c-a-day meals to all; and also provides the service of a registered nurse ● There is no extra fare ● *Mail coupon for booklets.*



T. B. Gallaher, P.T.M., Santa Fe Sys. Lines
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Send *El Capitan* and *Scout* booklets, and fares
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1938 IS A SANTA FE YEAR

can-opener days together. So she had bought a delicatessen chicken and salad and hors d'oeuvres. And—a final touch—two bottles of champagne nestling in a dishpan of cracked ice cubes.

One touch for Dr. Min's benefit—a temptation which even Patsy's innate generosity could not resist—the champagne was of the same vintage as the bottle which Min had given her the night she saved Jude. "Saved," thought Patsy, half bitterly, half in good humor. For the life of her, she couldn't ever see Min and Jude making a go of it. Unless Min loved her. Jude needed loving. She was that kind. With no intellectual or spiritual goal to live for. Oh, well, back to the bugs for little Patsy!

THE buzzer from the downstairs vestibule sounded. Patsy pressed the answering button in the kitchenette until she heard the hall door at the street floor open and close. She hoped it was Prescott. If so, he was very early. She had seen him but once since that last time in the laboratory. He had said nothing further about whether he was coming tonight or not. And she had not wanted to urge him.

She listened awhile for footsteps. Then she walked into the living room and opened her door into the upper hallway. A man was coming slowly up the creaky old stairs. It was too early for either Scott or for Dr. Min and Jude.

Suddenly, to her consternation, she saw that it was Joe Lucas.

He came in slowly. He did not speak to her. He was very drunk. His face was pale and his eyes had a glassy unfocused look. But he did not stagger even slightly, and his speech, when he finally found his voice, was slow and painfully precise rather than thick.

He let himself carefully down on the couch, and stared at the supper table laid for four.

"So they're coming here tonight, are they?"

"How—"

"Never mind. I know. I know everything. Telephoned Boston 's afternoon. Left there. Headed here. I know. I know everything. Just came to me today. You've been protecting him. I get it all."

"Joe — what *are* you talking about?"

"Judith. Judith David. Woman I love. And that louse Brown. I know. Came to me today. Just now. Never married her. Never married any woman. Never will marry any woman. Not marrying kind. Known Brown all my life. Never marries. Just woman chaser." He shook his head somberly.

"Joe—you're crazy!" said Patsy desperately. "I saw them married. I mean—it's all in the records: down in the Municipal Building or whatever it is."

"Records doctored," said Lucas with difficulty. "Do it myself every day."

"Please, Joe — you're absolutely wrong. They're married. I give you my word of honor."

"Honor! Woman's honor. No such animal. Hah-hah! Honor! But I shall know what to do. Yes. What to do." He shook his head sadly.

"Well — tomorrow, Joe. When you're feeling better." She was getting really frightened now. Min and Jude might come at any minute. Oh, if Scott would *only* come—and come first. "Yes, Joe—that's it. Tomorrow. We'll have lunch tomorrow. Just you and I. Will you run along now, Joe—if I give you one nice drink? Like a good boy?"

He stared at her—with judicious gravity.

"I drink with no woman who protects that man. I drink—with myself."

He reached fumblingly into his hip pocket and drew forth a large glass flask. He twisted the cap and drank unpleasantly. Patience shivered with disgust.

The buzzer rang again in the kitchenette. Patience hesitated—in an agony of indecision.

"Let them in," he commanded, with a wave of the flask.

Patience pressed the button and hurried back to the couch.

"Joe — Joe! Please go now. You've had your drink."

"I didn't come here to drink," he said moodily. "I came to kill. Avenge dishonor. Rather see her dead at my feet."

"Stop talking that way!" Patience said, between anger and fear. "Now get out! I'm disgusted with you."

SHE walked toward the door. Perhaps it would be better to intercept them in the hall.

But Joe Lucas would not have it. Slowly and with great deliberation, he reached into his other hip pocket and drew out an automatic pistol. He laid it carefully on the supper table before him.

"Come away from that door," he managed to articulate. "Don't—want—kill—too—many—people."

Patience dropped her hand from the doorknob. She heard voices and footsteps outside. She felt cold as ice. But she was quite composed.

"Yes, Joe." She smiled quietly and moved toward the table. Joe's hand faltered up from his lap and sought the pistol butt.

"Stand aside!" he mumbled.

"Yes, Joe."

Then, with one superb lightning spring, she was all over the table—pushing it over him on the couch, burying him in the debris of food and dishes, grasping frantically through the tablecloth for the pistol.

Will Patsy reach the pistol in time to prevent tragedy? But if the shot is fired, who will be the victim? What complications can follow if Prescott, too, comes to the ill-fated supper? Vital matters in all their lives teeter in the balance. Next week's Liberty will give you the startling outcome.

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

UP TO *FIRST* PLACE

An inspiring record of man's achievement. Do you know these facts and what they have meant to you?

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WHEN I lived in China, I used to wonder at the coolies that pulled junks and barges and ships, heavy-laden, through the Yangtze rapids. Over the towpaths they marched, singing doleful songs. The sun burned into their sweating backs; the wind lashed against their wet skins. But they pulled and pulled and pulled.

All that life had for them, for all their pulling, was a bowl of rice twice a day, some vegetables or dried fish or bean curd, maybe a puff or two of opium or a tipple of *kaoliangcho,* a powerful native gin. Their homes are straw-covered mud huts: one room probably for an entire family, including the livestock. The furniture is sparse: a table, a few chairs, a homemade bed without springs and mattress—you can be sure.

Those coolies work harder and longer than any Americans ever work. They work seven days a week, resting only for three or four days during the Chinese New Year holiday season. Their wives work, cultivating little patches of soil. Their children work in the home. All the family work at household industries during the long dark nights of winter.

Life is expensive for those people, because they work terrifically hard and get so little in return. Life is more costly for them than it is for us, because our work brings us a greater return; it brings us more food, more clothes, more shelter, more education, more recreation. I should say that life in such countries as China or India is the most costly in the world, because an hour of human energy expended in work brings almost nothing.

It is possible to compare what the American gets for one hour of work with what similar workers get for one hour of work in other countries. Let us not do it in money, because the value of money is different in different places and is constantly changing. Let us make our comparison with baskets of food.

I have here four baskets of food containing twenty-three items, such as white and rye bread, butter, milk, pork, potatoes—the ordinary articles which the housewife buys in the course of a morning's shopping. These items are based on the average consumption of one hundred American families, consisting of two adults and three children.

Now, we find that one hour's wages (taken on an average) will buy 3.8 or nearly four of those baskets—which, according to these calculations, would be enough for the worker's family for the day. One hour's work, then, equals nearly one day's food for the family.

No other workers approach that high standard anywhere in the world. The average for Sweden shows 2.41 baskets; for Great Britain 1.90 baskets; for France 1.44; for Germany 1.27; and for Italy 0.96. It takes an Italian

Lucky Tiger VEG-E-LAY
FOR A MORE SUCCESSFUL APPEARANCE

Lucky Tiger Makes It!

Use VEG-E-LAY

It's the man who always looks his best that usually gets to the top first—

Veg-E-Lay will help you look your best. It will keep your hair as keen and youthful appearing as any Hollywood Star—why?—because Veg-E-Lay is made to please young men and men who want to stay young. It also eliminates clinging dandruff, corrects dry hair, tones the scalp and stops excessive falling hair. Get a bottle of Lucky Tiger Veg-E-Lay today, and improve your appearance.

FREE Most druggists and barbers have Veg-E-Lay—if yours does not, send his name and 12¢ postage to cover cost of packing and mailing, and we will send you Free a 35¢ Trial Size. Lucky Tiger Mfg. Co., Dept. 60, Kansas City, Mo.

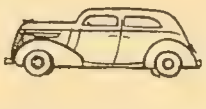
VEG-E-LAY HAIR DRESSING

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel Tip-Top In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help to keep you regular. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.



NATIONAL SALESMEN'S CRUSADE
SALES MEAN JOBS

Buy that new car *now!* Every new car sold means 10 men at work for 15 days. Everything you buy involves the jobs of hundreds of people. Every purchase you make makes *your* job more secure!

worker four hours of work to buy as much food as an average American worker can get for one hour.

Now suppose we work that out for a radio. Let us take one that is of a quality that sells at thirty-five dollars in the United States. It will take forty-one hours of work for the average American to be able to buy that radio, but it will take a German worker 162 hours of work to get a radio of the same quality; and an average Italian will have to put in 247 hours for the same thing.

As for the automobile, it will take an American 1,070 hours of work to buy the average car (roughly $903), but it will take a British worker 4,417 hours of work to buy a car of the same quality, while in Italy it would take 10,410 hours of work.

It is comparisons of this sort that cause me to say that life is less expensive in the United States than in any other country.

That is why we consume half of all the coffee that is used in this world. That is why 70 per cent of all the automobiles in the whole world are in this country. That is why we use half of all the rubber, three fourths of all the silk in the world.

Three quarters of American homes are wired for electricity—and that is more than any other country has. But we use in America's homes 193 kilowatt hours for each person in the country every year, as compared with 84 for England, 60 for France, and 21 for Italy. In a word, we can buy, for the work we do, more light, more power, more heat, more comforts and conveniences than any other people. In terms of electricity, we are absolutely tops.

SHALL I go on? Shall I tell you how far ahead we are in bathrooms, hospital beds, insurance policies, telephones—or have I made my point clear? I want to prove to you conclusively that as an American you are better off than any other human being on this earth. I want to convince you that the American way of life is the best.

What's the secret?

Well, the answer to that is that we make a market for everything that exists. We create uses. We stimulate use. We advertise widely. We discover what the thing is good for and tell the public about it. We advertise in so many different ways that every one is bound to hear about new things and new uses of things. By this process we create more consumers of goods, more jobs for more workers, more wealth.

Take, for example, the simple tomato. For a long time mankind was afraid of it. It was brought to Europe by sixteenth-century Spanish explorers from the Americas, where it was known as the "tomatl." The French gave it the name of *pomme d'amour*, or "love apple." But they feared it for food and used it mostly for ornaments. Introduced in the United States in 1820, it was not until fifty years later that tomatoes began to be noticed among American vegetables. Due almost entirely to the tremendous work done in advertising during the following decades, tomato soups, ketchups, sauces, and the many varieties of canned tomatoes were developed into household foods.

As long as the tomato was only eaten raw or prepared in the kitchen at home, its uses were limited. But way back in 1890 Frank Van Camp of Indianapolis issued "Van Camp's Boston Baked Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce." There was something new—the tomato sauce. And it took. Van Camp advertised his new product, showing a New England minute man "pushing a ramrod into a musket barrel while he ran somewhere, probably for his Boston baked beans." And thus started a new use for tomatoes—and a new food for the American people.

WHO is the inventor of tomato juice? That's the way to start an exciting argument among American canners. But nobody can go back in tomato-juice history further than 1918. In that year tomato juice was being served at French Lick Springs, Indiana, by Louis Perrin, the chef there. And at about the same time it was being served as a cocktail at the College Inn in Chicago.

The real impetus to the widespread use of tomato juice came about in a most curious manner. Dr. Alfred Hess, a pediatrician of note, believed in giving tomato juice to babies—back in 1918. He knew that the tomato contained vitamins A, B, and C, and that C was most important but was also most easily lost. He also knew that mothers hated to squeeze the juice—disliked to be bothered with the troublesome task. Commercial canners were vitally interested in doing something about it.

Experiments went on for years with little success. I was told by a chemist who participated that in the early days, when they were just squeezing tomatoes, the juice looked like a dirty white. The canner's job was to get thick red juice rich in vitamins—and to be sure that it was tomato juice only without any coloring matter. And then they had the problem of vitamin C, which disappeared in the process. Ralph Kemp of Indianapolis and his brothers worked out a method which could do the job. They received a patent for it in 1928.

Meanwhile others were at work on the process. Libby, McNeill and Libby were experimenting during the same time that the Kemps were. And they developed a process about the same time that Kemp did. And they also received a patent. And it is a toss-up which was really first in this field. But by 1928 their product was on the market and was being advertised. And now I suppose most every canner in the country sells tomato juice—Campbell, Heinz, Beech-Nut, College Inn, Stokely—and everybody else.

Of course these were not the only

companies that engaged in research and experimentation. The big companies with their laboratories and their research spent years in perfecting tomato juice. They discussed how to retain vitamins C and A and B to the maximum. They reduced heat and air through special processes that were expensive but which kept the hidden healthfulness in the tomato juice. They then learned to make consistently good tomato juice — consistent in quality, in texture, in color, in acidity, in fruit sugar.

Tomato juice has become an ordinary article in the American diet in the short period of ten years. It is one of the newest and most valuable of our foods.

In 1929, 100,000 cases of tomato juice were packed. But in 1937, 13,444,972 cases were put on the American market. Imagine what that has meant to the American farmer—how it has increased his earning power!

Everybody knows that tomato soups, of various kinds, have become a highly important American article of diet—and much of this soup is canned.

THE real start of this industry in the United States was in the 1880s, when Alphonse Biardot came to America from France and started the Franco-American Food Company, first in Wilmington, Delaware, and eventually in Jersey City. He sold canned tomato soup as well as spaghetti *à la Milanaise,* which contained lots of tomato sauce.

A competitor was Joseph Campbell, who started his own business at Camden in 1869. In partnership with Arthur Dorrance, Campbell produced a tremendous soup business—a vogue in canned soups in the United States. And tomatoes played a tremendous part both in their success and in the tastiness of their products.

Dr. John T. Dorrance, nephew of one of the original founders, did a real American role in this enterprise. Soups were not too popular in America. It took too much trouble to prepare them. Yet soups are invaluable as a food because they are a way of cooking vegetables so that the rich mineral salts, vitamins, and everything else of real value are retained. Canned soups were too expensive for general consumption. Dr. Dorrance's problem was to make soup popular and, without using cheap materials or adulteration, inexpensive. By concentrating the soup and letting mother add the water in her own kitchen, he brought about economies enabling him to give a better product for about a third less. And nowadays some soups do not require an addition of water. Heat and serve!

Dr. John Dorrance's company spent $54,000,000 in advertising to make Americans love soup. And most of all tomato soup. And it is for that canned soup that 70,000,000 tomato plants are grown for this company in New Jersey and Georgia by 2,000 farmers. In fact, the tomato has become so important to American food canners that

WHERE THERE'S LIFE - THERE'S COFFEE!

TRUE-*or False?*

You hear many things said about coffee. True statements are often made in the same breath with silly superstitions and outworn fables. Since coffee, like air, bread, milk and sunshine, plays such an important part in your daily life you ought to know the truths about it.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE? Put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below—then compare your answers with those at the end of each statement of the facts.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS — References to the medical authorities for the following statements will be supplied on request.

COFFEE IS HABIT-FORMING.*

True? ☐ **False?** ☐

You hear this one often. It's an old favorite with the food-faddists, and timid souls. Coffee creates no physiological craving, as a mass of scientific findings unanimously demonstrates.

Statement in the headline above*is False.

COFFEE PUTS YOU TO SLEEP.*

True? ☐ **False?** ☐

Good coffee does just the opposite—it wakes you up, gives you new lift, a fresh release of energy. But . . . the beneficial pick-up lasts only two hours according to medical authorities. Drink your coffee after dinner—all you want. If you're like most people, by bedtime you'll be ready to sleep like the proverbial baby.

Statement in the headline above*is False.

ATHLETES IN TRAINING DRINK COFFEE.*

True? ☐ **False?** ☐

Coffee enables the muscles to contract more vigorously, without any subsequent depression. In a word, to do more work with the same expenditure of energy. The same holds true of the brain. Many famous athletic coaches have coffee served at their training tables, and during strenuous contests.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

To make good coffee use enough—a heaping tablespoonful for each cup!

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Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

Rolls Razor
Pat. No.

ASK

your wife* about your shave!

Want some keen advice about shaving? Ask your wife *(or sweetheart, sister or mother) how your face feels. You may be surprised at the answer that sandpaper is less irritating than your skin a few hours after a shave. If women knew shaving instruments as well as they know your face they would endorse Rolls Razor, the *one blade* safety razor. The blade is hand-forged Sheffield steel, hollow-ground. There is no finer! A few strokes on the semi-automatic strop or hone restores it to "first day" sharpness year after year. (*Tip to women:* clip this advertisement as a reminder to delight him on the next gift occasion with a fine new Rolls Razor.) Ask your dealer to demonstrate it.

$10 and up. Shaving bowls, sticks, **$1.** Refills, **60¢**

Write today for colored gift catalog L-11.

ROLLS RAZOR

ROLLS RAZOR, Inc., 305 E. 45th ST., NEW YORK

ENRICHES THE FLAVOR OF ANY TOBACCO

HONEY IN THE BOWL (*Yellow*)

YOUR NEXT PIPE

Yello-Bole has *real honey in the bowl.* The honey seeps into the briar wood as you smoke, and *keeps on* blending its flavor with the pipe. Result: Yello-Bole starts sweet, *stays* sweet. You spend $20 or more a year for tobacco, and $1 spent on Yello-Bole will make tobacco much more enjoyable.

$1 YELLO-BOLE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LUDEN'S 5¢
LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
EXTRA HELP
LUDEN'S CONTAIN AN ALKALINE FACTOR
LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

Use Luden's to contribute to your Alkaline Reserve

5¢ Help soothe your throat and clear your head ... buy Luden's.

many of them grow their own. The Heinz people, for instance, are very proud of their own tomatoes.

Of course, others make good soups in America. Heinz, who produces a wide variety of soups in addition to their famous ketchup and other products; Hormel, who sells soups as well as hams; Phillips, who has been canning soups and vegetables for years; and other companies.

Why do I discuss the tomato in comparing the way Americans and Europeans and Asiatics live? I want to show you how a special genius influences American life. Here a free people, uninhibited by ancient customs, find a use for everything, improve what nature has provided, and develop it into a commodity which not only raises the standard of living but provides more steady income for farmers and jobs for workers.

The tomato was known in Europe in the sixteenth century. It was not until three hundred years later that any European did anything to make it useful to man. Appert, a Frenchman, cut through tradition and tried to popularize it. But it did not go. For two centuries the Europeans rejected it. Then, in America, Kemp, the Libbys, Curtice who made ketchup, the Heinzes, Campbell, Dorrance, Arkell of Beech-Nut, and lots of others got behind this succulent vegetable, advertised it, made it do a job for mankind, and advertised that job.

Nature's provision of milk is a share-the-health plan by which she intends every baby to benefit. Yet even in America many went without this birthright—until advertising worked the miracles of which Mr. Sokolsky's next article will tell you in an early issue.

A tremendously important factor in this picture is our knowledge of what is going on. The very fact that all these new products and new uses of existing products are widely advertised helps us to discover what is good and what is bad. The public cannot be fooled long in a competitive system.

The klieg lights of public attention and interest are focused on a product as soon as it is advertised. Value cannot be secret. Claims cannot long be false. Advertising brings everything out in the open. When a product sells millions of units we soon discover whether it is true or a gyp.

I think this knowledge plays a real part in improving our life over that of the Europeans. We come to know what we want through advertising. We demand the best, and get it through competition. We secure a standard of living that makes what we demand available. Nowhere in Europe or Asia is that possible yet.

You often hear the question, "Is it advertised?" Instinctively American consumers turn to advertised products; that is not so the world over. I wonder whether that one question has not been important in the development of finer products for a people who demand the best of everything.

THE END

PREVIEWING HOLLYWOOD

A Last Mile . . . And a Moral

Messrs. Cagney and O'Brien enact a stark chronicle of the wages of sin—Miss Crawford returns to the dance

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES

3 stars predicted. James Cagney as an East Side poolroom graduate who goes to the chair, Pat O'Brien as his tenement pal who becomes a priest. Hard, sinister, ruthless—but pointing a moral.

A GRUESOME ending — in an electric chair of a great prison —to point a stalwart lesson. If you shy away from observing the last mile of a tortured soul, this isn't for you.

It is the life story of two boys. After a youthful escapade, one is captured. This lad goes to reform school, is graduated to become a dangerous racketeer. The other, who escapes, in time becomes a priest. Their lives dovetail, until you see the priest walking beside the condemned man to the electric chair. James Cagney is the bad boy, Pat O'Brien the one who takes the path of righteousness.

There is a long, exciting sequence showing a chase through a warehouse, up dark hallways, through skylights, over rooftops. You see Cagney running up stairs, bullets apparently hitting the steps all about him. How is it done? Dynamite caps are hidden on the stairs, exploded as he passes. Again Cagney seems to shoot out the lights in a hide-out. Actually, Cagney doesn't even fire his gun. The roar would be too great. The lights were shot out by Ronald Berscheid, eight years the Warners' master cracksman, using an air rifle from a distance. The modulated sound of the revolver and of breaking glass is merely spotted in on the sound track later.

The Dead End boys participate. Here they are potential gangsters who are saved by Father O'Brien. He teaches them to play with a basketball instead of a gun.

Tough and exciting, this. Plus a lesson, of course.

Produced by Warner Brothers.

THE SHINING HOUR

3 stars predicted. The erstwhile dignified Joan Crawford returns to the dance—and she has a strong supporting cast to step with her.

HOLLYWOOD queen Joan Crawford, who renounced the Charleston with her marriage to Franchot Tone, who took up refined domesticity and the better things, who went in for dignified drama, is—*sans* husband—back doing the jazzier stuff in The Shining Hour. She is, in brief, a famous cabaret dancer who marries to escape her surroundings, who gives up the tinsel and sham of Broadway to wed a stalwart Wisconsin farmer—that is, a government farm-board type of agriculturist—and who comes to find that life can be just as tough out in the great open spaces.

Joan Crawford and Robert Young in a scene from The Shining Hour.

The big moment of filming The Shining Hour comes when Miss Crawford dances with fifteen spots centered upon her. And she was nervous! She hadn't danced for the camera for five years. Slenderer than for a long time, in a shimmering silver gown, she whirled in the arms of Tony De Marco. This dancing interlude took three days to film. It lasts three minutes in the film.

Joan last danced in Dancing Lady. Her partner was Fred Astaire, then unknown to films. Nelson Eddy made his debut in the picture. But time marches on.

The plot: The complications caused by the entrance of Olivia Riley, the dancer, into the conservative Wisconsin homestead dominated by an embittered, thwarted old maid. In brief, Eugene O'Neill with modern conveniences.

There's a strong cast and Joan wears smart clothes, ranging from sport tweeds to bizarre dance frocks. It ought to be a good film. And it *has* to be a good film, because Joan is at the crossroads. That way over there leads to oblivion.

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, November 16. The winner will be announced in the issue of December 24.

SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS

3 stars predicted. Done with care, dignity, accuracy—and color. And the acting ought to be good enough.

THIS, in a way, is a sequel to Victoria the Great, for it has the same producer, Herbert Wilcox, the same actress, Anna Neagle, playing the doughty monarch who rules the far-flung British Empire for the sixty years of the title, and the same helpful, earnest Prince Albert, Anton Walbrook.

This tells with more detail, more

DON'T BOTHER DAD, SON—HE'S ALL TIRED OUT
—BUT HE'S ALWAYS TIRED, MOTHER—HE ACTS OLD JUST LIKE GRAND-PA

AFTER 40—many people grow old faster than they should

Fleischmann's Yeast helps many *"After 40's"* FEEL YOUNGER

There are two common reasons why many people grow old fast in their 40's.

1. **They need certain vitamins just as much as children do—yet they often don't get *enough* of them.**
2. **Poorer digestion—often experienced around this age—may slow you down. It also may keep the vitamins you eat from doing their full good.**

A remarkable aid for *both* these after-40 troubles is Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

It gives extra amounts of 4 needed vitamins. The yeast acts like a "booster" for these vitamins when digestion is slow. It supplies other essentials that help you make fuller use of these vitamins and the food you eat. This should make you feel more energetic.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast ½ *hour before* meals—plain or dissolved in a little water. See if it doesn't help you to feel younger than you have in years.

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Advertisers:

Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods—over the counter in the market places of America. Advertising in Liberty thus parallels sales opportunity.

The Greatest RADIO VALUES in CROSLEY's 17 Years

6 TUBE 2 BAND PUSH BUTTON SUPERHETERODYNE THE "SIXER"

The sensational Crosley Fiver has delighted millions. Clever engineers add another tube, develop more efficiency, and house it in a beautiful molded plastic cabinet to make it the sensational 1939 radio in performance and price—the new "SIXER" at the same price as the "Fiver".

See Crosley dealers for other startling values. Push button radio at $9.99; complete portable push button radio phonograph at $24.95.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
CINCINNATI
POWEL CROSLEY, Jr.
President

Prices slightly higher in South and West

$19.99

YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSLEY

Crosley engineers learn much in putting WLW programs on the air to guide them in designing radios to take programs off the air.

fidelity of background, the story of the queen who ruled England so long, whose devotion to her German-born husband never ceased. Tragedy broke her heart, her reign was marked by the outbreak of the Boer War, the very name Victorian has come to mean bad architectural taste and darkened parlors crowded with souvenir sea shells.

The British royal family took a keen interest in the film, even admitting the players and the camera crew to the sacred precincts of Buckingham Palace.

The big scene of the film is the wedding of Victoria and Albert at St. James's Palace. This picture should have historical interest, beauty, and accuracy of detail.

Produced by Gaumont-British.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the October 8 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Mrs. M. K. Tanner, 329 Kenwood Way, Louisville, Kentucky, for her review of Room Service.

FOR THE RECORDS

Films caught too late to be reported in complete detail:

4 stars—That Certain Age. Deanna Durbin in a tenderly amusing study of adolescence, the "crush" of a great publisher's daughter for a war correspondent. Melvyn Douglas pretty well steals the film as the front-page bloodhound; Jackie Cooper is superb as a boyish admirer. (Universal. A $250,000 Greater Film Year Quiz Contest picture.)

3½ stars—The Lady Vanishes. Crime on a Continental express crossing the Balkans. Sinister, absorbing, and expertly directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Gaumont-British.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Suez, You Can't Take It with You, Men with Wings, Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Sweethearts, If I Were King, The Great Waltz, The Sisters, Spawn of the North, Four Daughters, Letter of Introduction, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer.

★★★—The Cowboy and the Lady, Gangster's Boy, Brother Rat, The Arkansas Traveler, Mr. Wong Detective, There Goes My Heart, Service de Luxe, Room Service, Garden of the Moon, Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot.

SPOTLIGHT

Liberty's Short Short

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BY BUDD WILSON SCHULBERG

THE director was trying to bring the picture through in twenty-nine days. The assistant director was trying to impress the director. The second assistant was trying to prove his right to be a first assistant. The three hundred extras were trying to please everybody. The ten-dollar people were trying to fight their way into focus. The seven-and-a-halfs were walking briskly back and forth, doing their perspiring best.

" All right, folks, get *moving!* " the second assistant screamed. " Now watch me. When I wave this handkerchief, start walking as if you expected to get somewhere."

" What're ya watching him for? " the first assistant yelled. " When *I* drop my hand, start talking it up. You're all happy, see? And make it good! We gotta finish by six sharp."

The director, running sweat, sleeves rolled up, paced impatiently. " What's the trouble, boys? " he barked. " I'm half a day behind now. Get the lead out."

It was another of those scorching Hollywood afternoons. One of those tough, irritable days. The extras had been at it since nine that morning. When the long-awaited recess came, they crowded around the water cooler.

" After you," a florid-faced, white-haired old man offered politely. When he was almost trampled in the rush, he took his place philosophically at the end of the line. He mopped his face professionally with an edge of his handkerchief. His calm silence was like a wall of glass cutting him off from the whirlpool of excitement all around him.

Even at the call, " Take your places, everybody," he displayed not the slightest trace of emotion. He straightened the dress suit he wore and took his place in the line again.

When the director said, " Pick me out some people for flash reactions," excitement stirred the crowd. For some it might mean the chance they had waited and struggled for. For others it meant the extra fifteen dollars they would earn if they were asked to speak a line.

As the old man saw the assistant director descending on him, he waited docilely, like an old horse about to be saddled. But he wasn't sure he wanted this unexpected momentary spotlight. He was old and tired and this meant strong lights in his eyes, and the strain of having to learn new words and speak them within the next few minutes.

But even as he hoped the assistant wasn't going to single him out for a close-up, he was praying that he would. Because extra work had become scarcer and scarcer through the summer; his last job had been two ten-dollar days three weeks ago. That meant pressing the dress suit yourself, and stalling the landlady. Now this additional fifteen dollars would be the difference between keeping the room and packing up again.

Then the assistant was on him. " All right, Pop, we'll use you." He stepped into the glare, waiting quietly with eyes half closed as the director opened up on him.

" O. K., old-timer. This'll all be over in a minute—we hope. All you've got to do is smile and say, ' I've been waiting here thirty years for this,' and he gives you the cue, ' On this very spot? ' and then you give it this —watch me." And the director turned his head toward the floor and then quickly looked up again with an unexpected change of expression. " Get it? Just a different version of that old double take."

The old man nodded his head slowly. He said he thought he got it.

" Then let's go. See if we can't get it in the can the first time," the director said, as the juicers hit the lights. He crouched below the cameras, watching the old man critically.

" Hold it. Cut! " he yelled. " You forgot that double take. Try it again."

More nervously, the old man tried again. " I've been thirty years . . ."

" For Pete's sake! You forgot '*waiting*' ! Waiting — what you're making us do! Take it once more."

The old man nodded, wetting his lips, trembling. He began again. And again. The director fumed internally. Typical studio economy! Trying to save money with a ten-buck extra instead of paying an actor to do it! The old man fumbled the scene worse each time. He was trying too hard.

" Look, pal. You're making it too tough for yourself. It's just one quick take, see? Just that famous old trick with your eyes and a turn of your head. The thing what's-his-name, Willie Robbins, originated in the old silent days. Think you can do it? "

" I . . . I think I can do it now," the old man said.

Everybody hushed again. The cameras started rolling. He made one more tentative stab at it. In vain.

" All right! " the director roared. " Get back in the crowd—we'll try somebody else."

And as the old man tried to disappear inconspicuously, he heard the director say, " For heaven's sake get some one who knows what a double take is! " And an eager, confident extra took his place in the scene.

Back in the crowd of extras, he stood watching his successor. Just in front of him a dumpy elderly woman, one of the visitors to the set, was approaching the handsome young star with her autograph book opened. In a kind of reflex action, the star smiled and reached out for the book. But she had already gone by him! The old man looked up at her in surprise.

" I never thought I'd actually meet you—after all these years," she said, and she held up the book.

For a moment he stared at her unbelievingly, and then, as he took the book and began to write in it, he seemed to grow broader and taller. He wrote silently, " As ever, Willie Robbins," handed the book back with a faint smile, and turned to watch the successful completion of the scene.

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston, WBT, Charlotte. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

BIG CASH PRIZES FOR AMATEUR LENS FANS!

INTERNATIONAL HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS CONTEST OFFERS $2,100 IN 271 CASH AWARDS

Be Sure to Enter This Week!

HAVE you pointed your camera at one of Liberty's Home Life Snapshots cash prizes yet? There may be a scene of prize-winning quality within your vision as you read this page. Look about you. Select your subject, snap the picture, and send it in. You may capture this week's $50 First Prize. You may, in addition, receive the $100 prize for the best interior scene of the contest which will be awarded after the final week's entries are in. Twenty-seven cash prizes will be awarded in each week. Plan to enter at least one print each week to claim your full share of the prizes. In past Home Life Snapshots contests many individual competitors have won several weekly awards. Your chance is excellent to do the same. Start by winning this week!

If you have not read the brief rules, make sure that you study them over before filing an entry so that you comply with the conditions established for each competitor's guidance and protection. Please be particularly careful about having your name and address on the back of each print you send in. Do not submit negatives unless you receive a specific request. Enlargements are acceptable if accompanied by prints from which they are made.

This week's contest closes Monday, November 28. What snapshot will you enter?

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated January 7, 1939, Liberty will award $200 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted in accordance with the following rules by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There are no restrictions regarding size of prints. If enlargements are submitted, the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after October 26, 1938, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will, upon request, submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Each print submitted must have the name and full address of the entrant plainly printed on the back. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first week's contest closes Monday, November 14, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including January 16, 1939, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot, in order to win a prize, must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. On that basis each week of the contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the First Prize of $50. The Second Prize of $25 will be awarded to the second best, and prizes of $5 each will be awarded to the twenty-five entries next in order of excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL INTERIOR AWARD!

In addition to the regular weekly cash prizes, at the close of the ten weeks' series Liberty will award a special prize of $100 for the best interior shot submitted during the competition. This is over and above any prize that may have already been awarded such print.

Send no negatives until requested.

Advertisement

HUNDREDS OF ADDITIONAL WEEKLY AWARDS
OF
MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS' **BLUE RIBBON ENLARGEMENTS**
To Entrants in this
LIBERTY HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS all over United States will make these additional awards for the best pictures entered in each locality through their dealers, after which they will be forwarded direct for entry into the LIBERTY Home Life Snapshot contest.

DEVELOPING

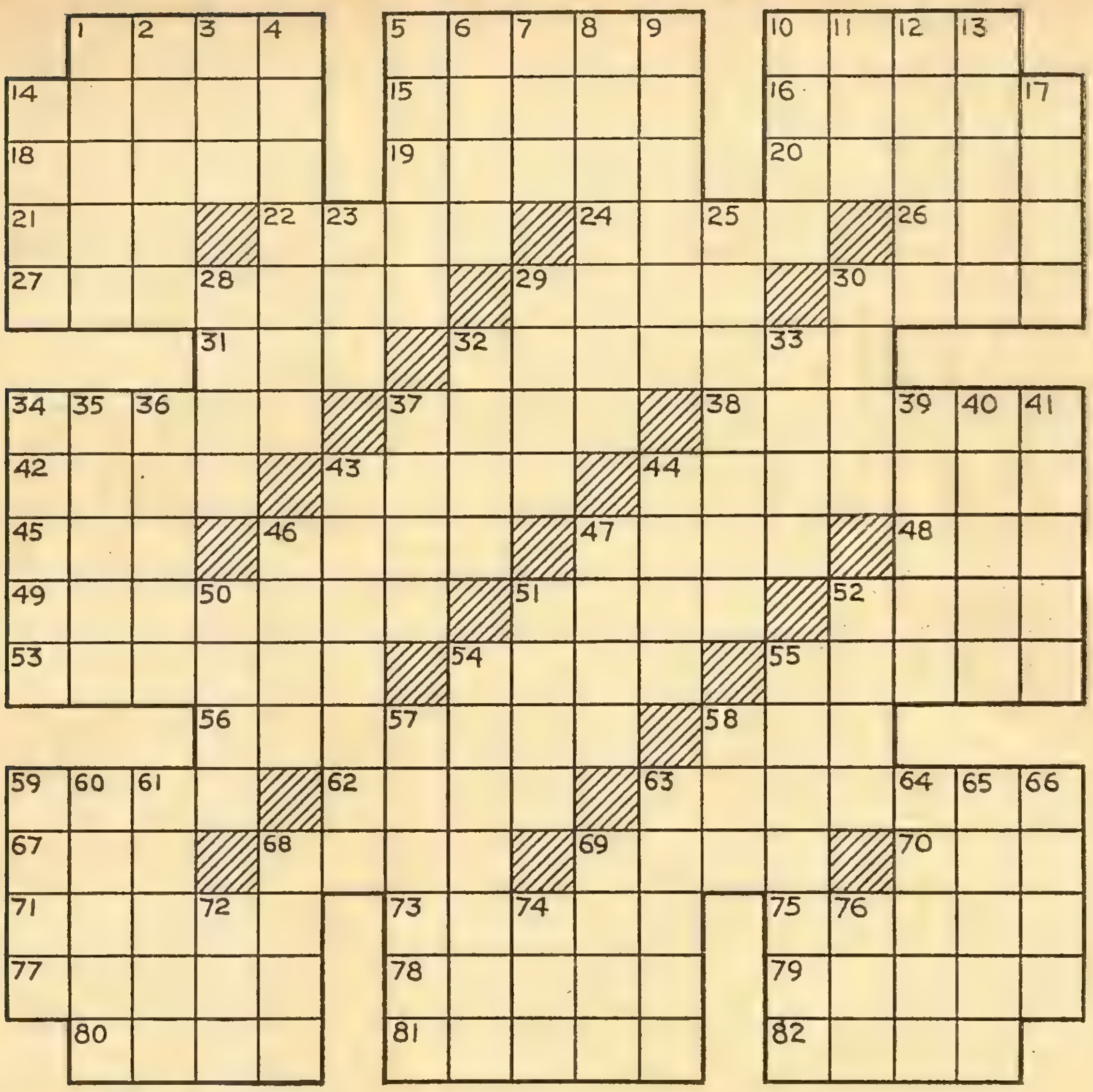
GET YOUR ENTRY BLANK from and leave your snapshots or films with any photo dealer or drug store whose photo finishing is serviced by a MASTER PHOTO FINISHER.

PRINTING

MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS OF AMERICA

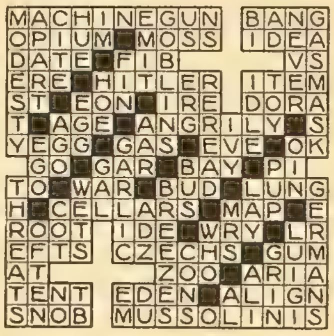
A nation-wide organization giving MASTER photo finishing service to the amateur through the better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada.

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Smack
5 Form
10 A pulpy mixture
14 A climbing plant
15 One who loads
16 Stage player
18 Wrath
19 Genus of geese
20 Gaze fixedly
21 Frosting
22 Grape hyacinth
24 Gone by
26 Those in power
27 One of a Mohammedan fraternity
29 Twisted
30 Formerly
31 Consumed
32 Sure
34 Hypocrites
37 Wads of moist clay
38 Cavernlike apartment
42 Beverages
43 Goes about idly
44 Marine growth
45 A brawl
46 Hostelries
47 Rent
48 Form of to be
49 American Indians
51 Constrictors
52 In addition
53 Fusion of two or more corporations
54 Acid
55 Ascended
56 Greatest
58 A wand
59 Son of Isaac
62 Part of the head (pl.)
63 Glided by gravity
67 Cause to be quit of



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MACHINEGUN BANG
OPIUM■MOSS IDEA
DATE■FIB     VS
ERE■HITLER ITEM
ST■EON■IRE DORA
T■AGE■ANGRILY■S
YEGG■GAS■EVE■OK
 GO■GAR■BAY■PI 
TO■WAR■BUD■LUNG
H■CELLARS■MAP■E
ROOT IDE■WRY■LR
EFTS CZECHS■GUM
AT     ZOO■ARIA
TENT EDEN■ALIGN
SNOB MUSSOLINIS
```

Last week's answer

68 Unoccupied
69 A hut
70 Early English coin
71 Minute particles
73 Growing out
75 A staff
77 Oriental caravansary
78 Hot mixed beverage
79 Obliterate
80 Groups
81 Desert dwellers
82 Strike out

VERTICAL

1 From that time
2 A kind of beer
3 Suffix (chem.)
4 Lets
5 A long cut
6 A skein of yarn
7 Public notices (abbr.)
8 Small tree frogs
9 Astray
10 A long pole
11 To do
12 Stage in a flight of steps
13 Wind instruments
14 Deposited
17 Surcease from effort
23 Utility
25 Veteran actors
28 Large receptacles
29 Wagers
30 Enough
32 Mean, vulgar fellows
33 Persia
34 Strike and glance off
35 Single
36 Fresher
37 Forbids
39 Ducks
40 Succinct
41 Ancient Greek theater
43 Snarled
44 Float aloft
46 Mental image
47 One who solicits custom
50 An arctic hut
51 To ornament with studs
52 Succors
54 Calmer
55 Foundation of entire track of railroad
57 City in Illinois
58 A doe
59 Periods
60 Locations
61 Be filled with devotion
63 A game
64 Sum
65 Irregularly notched
66 A Scandinavian
68 Egyptian deity
69 Stump
72 Entangle
74 Turkish commander
76 Measure of area

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

9 minute

MACARONI-AND-CHEESE MEAL!

KRAFT DINNER
In this the special macaroni & cheese and the grated cheese
A MEAL FOR 4...

A *quick-cooking* macaroni... *grated* cheese—in each Kraft Dinner package. Easy directions on package tell you how to make fluffy-tender macaroni drenched with rich cheese goodness... in 9 minutes!

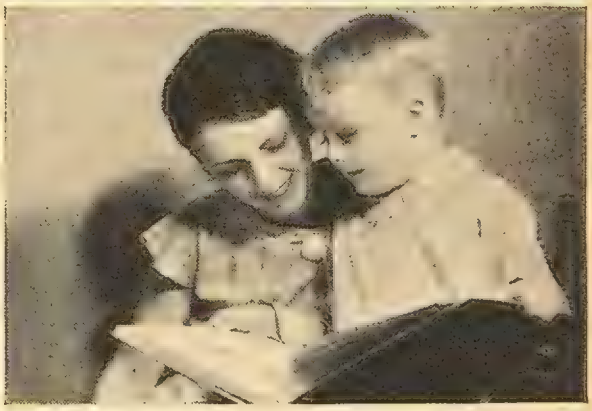
AT YOUR FOOD STORE

Advertisements Guaranteed

Everything advertised in Liberty is guaranteed by the publishers to be as represented. Every advertisement in Liberty is examined to avoid misleading statements and false claims. Readers may buy with confidence.

Easier to get

PRIZE PICTURES



FOR ACTION at night and indoors, use G-E MAZDA Photo*flash* lamps... the kind used by news photographers. It's easy. Each lamp gets one good picture. *G-E Photo*flash *No. 10* . . . . . list 15¢

FOR DOZENS OF SHOTS use G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps. Their *constant*, brighter, whiter light helps you get clearer pictures of home life . . . even with box cameras. No. 1 list 25¢ No. 2 list 50¢

Buy G-E photo lamps where you buy film

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA PHOTO LAMPS

LOSE THE WOMAN !

A savage killer strikes! Will he kill again? With mounting suspense a vivid tale moves swiftly toward its climax

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BRUTAL middle-aged Ben Bechtel is insane with jealousy when he discovers that his young wife, Trudie, has had an affair with Larry March. He manages to get them on a hunting trip in a desolate part of Mexico where, with the help of Curtis Frazier, an adventurer, he plans to murder them. Others in the party are Glenda Neil, in love with March; her friend, Norma Considine; Maida del Roche, an ex-movie star, and Durham Phillipson, an English photographer.

Bechtel hires Phillipson to take a telephoto picture of March and Trudie in a compromising situation—for a divorce action, he explains. So the photographer is not surprised when one night Bechtel leads him to the dunes from which he can see Trudie on the beach in a man's arms. He believes the man is March, and so does Bechtel. But March, watching from some near-by bushes, knows that it is Frazier.

Before giving the word to take the picture, Bechtel goes back to the camp. March reaches there ahead of him and slips into Frazier's empty hammock. In the darkness Bechtel takes him for Frazier, thrusts a rifle into his hands, and orders him to the beach. On the way, the jealous husband's wild talk reveals the plan: Frazier is to kill Trudie and her companion while Phillipson takes the picture that will record their death tortures for the half-mad Bechtel.

March knocks Bechtel unconscious and divulges the plot to Phillipson. Then, leaving Phillipson to watch Bechtel, and caching the rifle in some bushes, he goes to the beach. In a blind rage, he beats Frazier mercilessly and upbraids Trudie for her faithlessness.

When he becomes calmer, Trudie confesses to March that she is infatuated with Frazier and wants to leave camp with him in his plane. March is not sure that she is telling the truth, but he promises to put no obstacle in her way if she chooses to go. As they walk back to the camp, March looks for the rifle he has hidden. It is gone. So are Phillipson and Bechtel. And Phillipson is the only one who knew where the gun was.

PART NINE—TERROR IN THE JUNGLE

YOU won't fight with Curtis again?" Trudie asked, as we moved between the palm trees toward the camp.

"I promised you I'd do nothing to interfere with your getting away in the morning. I'll even go further: I'll tell Frazier he's got to take you."

"He won't need any urging." Her voice was lighter, more confident. "He wants to get away from here too."

"And of course I like the place so much I want to stay here permanently."

Trudie sighed. "I'd so hoped you wouldn't be bitter, Larry."

"Oh, forget it."

Did you think I'd take it lightly—your throwing yourself at a man like Frazier? Whether you're nuts about him, or whether you're merely buying your safety, you can't expect me to give you my blessing.

We came then into the circle of firelight. Everybody was up except Noel, who lay in his hammock watching the scene with sleepy bored eyes. Maida del Roche was abstractedly poking the fire with a stick; she looked distraught, theatrically tragic. Phillipson was holding a bottle in one hand and talking in a gleeful undertone to Glenda, who sat listless in her hammock. Norma Considine was eating a ham sandwich near the fire. Frazier sat in his hammock drinking whisky out of a large tin cup. His face was badly battered; both eyes were closed to mere slits.

I stopped near the fire, demanded: "Where's Bechtel?"

Phillipson shrugged. "He disappeared, Larry."

"How come?"

Trudie went over and lay down in her hammock. She had looked only at Frazier, and then had given him barely a glance. She had ignored the others completely.

Phillipson shrugged again. "While you and Frazier were mixing it up down on the beach, Mr. Bechtel came to. He asked me to get him a drink and I came to camp for a bottle. When I got back he was gone. Simply dissolved into thin air. I looked around a bit, and when Frazier came up from the beach we both searched the brush between here and the ocean. But it was no go. He's gone."

"Are you positive he wasn't out of his head? He might have wandered off."

"I assure you, Larry, he seemed as right as rain. He

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

was entirely rational." Phillipson chuckled as he added: "At least he was as rational as he'll ever be."

I walked over to him, took his bottle, and downed a healthy slug. I kept the bottle in my hand and said: "All right, you phony Limey! I want that gun!"

Phillipson's slack jaw dropped.

"What—what gun, old man?"

"The gun I cached in the bushes. Frazier's gun. Kick through. What'd you do with it?"

"Larry, old chap, I swear I haven't seen it."

I clipped him on the jaw and knocked him staggering.

"Don't 'old chap' me, Phillipson. You're no more an Englishman than Noel Hawkins is, so you might as well quit posing. Where's that gun?"

He shrank away from me, rubbing his jaw. "I tell you I don't know," he retorted sullenly.

"You want your face to look like Frazier's, huh?"

I took a couple of steps toward him as Maida del Roche came running over, brandishing a stick.

"You let him alone, Larry March!" she cried angrily.

I twisted the stick out of her hand, tossed it away. "Keep out of this, Maida. You don't know the score. Phil is the one person who saw me hide that gun. The gun is gone. So what? So Phil either took it or told some one where it was. I hid it in such a way that no one could have spotted it by accident."

"Larry, I tell you I never saw the gun after you hid it," Phillipson vowed.

"And I tell you, Phil, that I'm going to wipe up this camp with you unless you kick through with it."

He was a little guy and I felt rather sorry for him as he stood there, his face pale with fright, his hands clenched into small futile fists.

"All right, Larry. You can beat me up, but it won't do you any good. I never saw that gun after you hid it, and I never told anybody where it was. That's gospel."

I took another husky shot out of the bottle and passed it back to Phillipson.

"O. K., Phil. I believe you. Have another drink."

I believed him because I didn't think he had the guts to persist in a lie when it meant standing up and taking a beating.

I turned and faced the others, said crisply: "There's no need of going over what's happened tonight. I guess Phillipson has regaled you thoroughly. The point is this: a madman is loose around this camp with a high-power rifle. He may be lurking anywhere out there in the shadow. And he may cut loose any minute."

"What should we *do?*" Maida asked excitedly.

"For myself, I'm hiding out in the bush until daylight," I replied. "Mrs. Bechtel is going into the tent and staying there. The rest of you may do as you please."

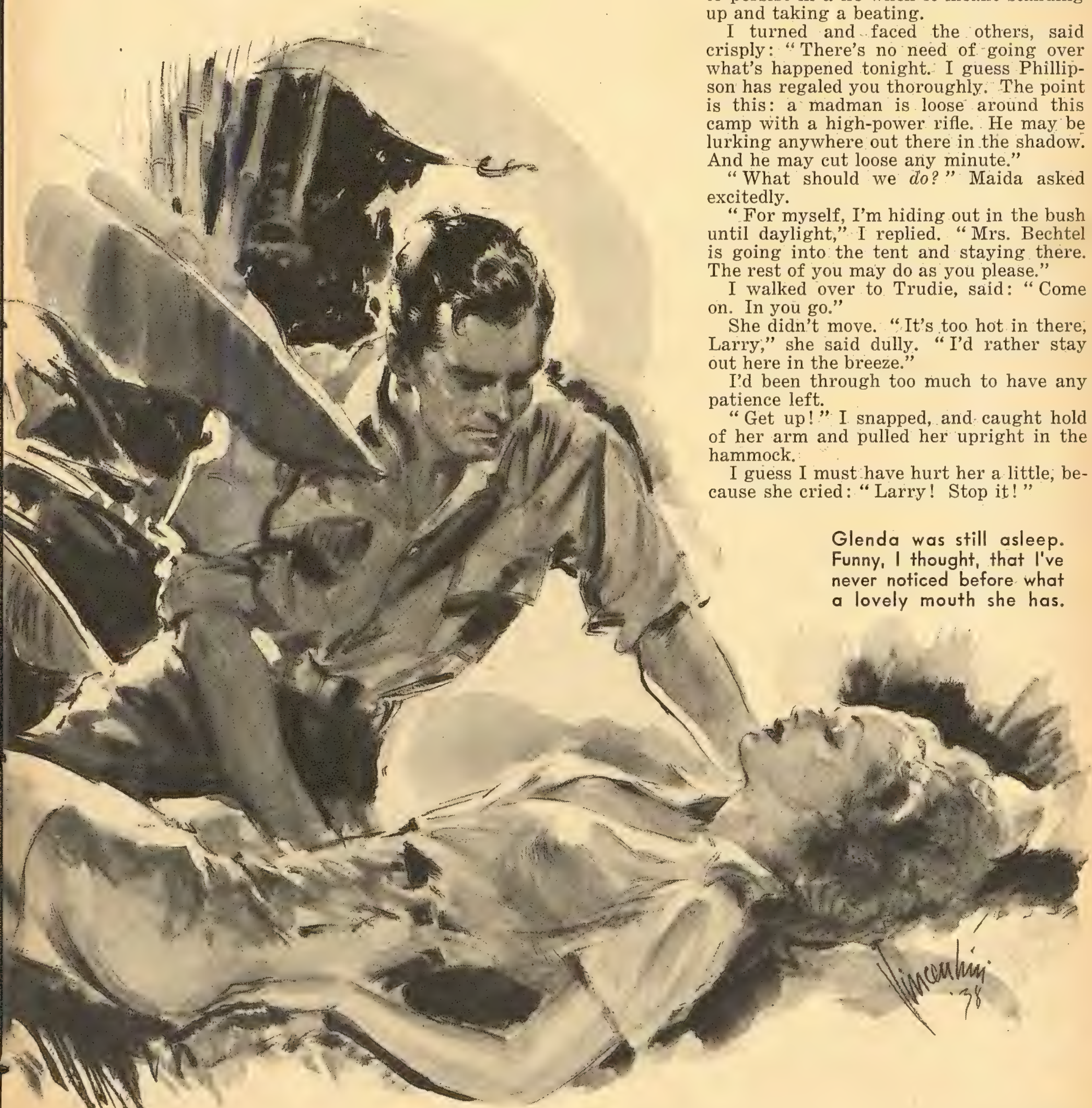
I walked over to Trudie, said: "Come on. In you go."

She didn't move. "It's too hot in there, Larry," she said dully. "I'd rather stay out here in the breeze."

I'd been through too much to have any patience left.

"Get up!" I snapped, and caught hold of her arm and pulled her upright in the hammock.

I guess I must have hurt her a little, because she cried: "Larry! Stop it!"



Glenda was still asleep. Funny, I thought, that I've never noticed before what a lovely mouth she has.

I heard Noel yell: "Look out, Mr. March!" and whirled just in time to see Frazier leaping toward me. I side-stepped and he checked himself, his slitted eyes bright and dangerous as he shouted:

"Lay off that girl! If she doesn't want to spend the night in the tent, she doesn't have to."

"She's spending the night in the tent and liking it," I retorted. "With that crazy husband of hers running loose around here she won't live till daylight unless she gets out of sight."

Trudie rose wearily to her feet. "I'll stay in the tent, but please don't leave me alone."

I nodded to Noel. "Get that machete of yours, kid, and hide out in the shadow behind the tent. If you see Bechtel sneaking into the camp, let him have it. Don't take any chance with him. The man is nuts."

Noel rolled out of his hammock. I watched him get the machete and disappear into the shadow that surrounded the camp like a circular black backdrop.

Without another word Trudie went into the tent. Frazier returned to his hammock. I went over and sat down on the ground beside Glenda.

I knew I'd hurt her, chasing off the way I had with Trudie, and I was sorry. But in a situation like this there didn't seem to be anything to say.

"You ought to get out of this firelight, Larry," she said quietly, at last.

"I know it." I lowered my voice so the others couldn't hear. "Do you suppose you might come with me?"

"Why should I?"

I couldn't tell her that I was worn out and that being with her was restful. I merely said:

"Bechtel made one mistake in identity tonight. He might make another. He might mistake you for Trudie."

Glenda smiled, put a friendly hand on my shoulder.

"I'll go," she said quietly, "but I don't want you to think I'm going because I'm afraid of Bechtel."

As Glenda rose, I glanced at Norma, who had been watching us suspiciously.

"I'm taking a walk with Larry," Glenda announced.

I expected an argument. I knew Norma was jittery and in a lousy mood, and I'd have given good odds that she'd never allow Glenda and me to walk out of camp in the middle of the night without putting up a fight.

But Norma shrugged and said: "Go ahead."

And for quite a while afterward, until, in fact, I learned exactly where Norma stood in this bizarre drama, I wondered why she had not protested our going.

GLENDA and I started toward the beach, but once clear of the grove, we worked around to the opposite side of the camp and headed inland, half expecting to find Ben Bechtel hiding behind each bush.

We made a quarter of a mile before the brush became so dense that we were forced to call a halt. The ground here was still sandy, warm, and not unpleasant to lie on. It was out of the wind, quiet, and no mosquitoes bothered us as we relaxed in the deep shadow.

"Do you think Bechtel found the gun?" Glenda asked.

"I think he did."

"What are we going to do?"

"I don't know." After a moment I added: "Frazier is taking Trudie back to Acapulco tomorrow morning."

There was a long and pregnant silence. I knew about what she was thinking:

You're getting just what you rated, Larry. It serves you right for involving yourself with a married woman. Dear little Trudie! Dear, faithful little Trudie! What a sap you've been, Larry March.

"It's none of my business, of course, and you don't have to talk," Glenda said firmly, "but just how do Trudie and Frazier line up?"

"She says she's crazy about him. But actually, I think, she's trying to buy him off."

"I see. Giving her all to get you and herself out of a jam. That sounds to me strangely like a lot of wishful thinking on your part."

"Perhaps it is."

"I think you're a sap, Larry, for refusing to believe a thing because you don't want to believe it. That's neurotic. And I'm sick of neurotics because I'm quite neurotic myself. I'd have to be, wouldn't I, to have such an adolescent crush on you? And when is the charming Mr. Frazier coming back for the rest of us?"

"Trudie says the day after tomorrow."

"And suppose Trudie and Frazier become so enthralled with each other that they forget all about us. We can't get back overland. You know there's no road. And the Merida may not put in here again for months."

"That's a chance we'll have to take."

"But why must they go alone? Why not take some of the others with them? That plane carries five or six."

"Glenda," I said impatiently, "I didn't go into that."

"I think you should have. I think you passed up a lot of things tonight you should have gone into."

"And I think you're getting pretty critical!"

She put out her hand, found mine and pressed it.

"If I have, darling," she said, "I haven't meant to hurt you. I've just tried to make you see things clearly. The situation here has become virtually impossible. I don't trust Phillipson or Maida any more. Frazier, we've discovered, is a hired murderer. Bechtel has turned psychopathic on us. Trudie has gone off the deep end. I even have my suspicions of Norma. Noel is all right, but he's just a kid. That leaves only you to get the rest of us back to Acapulco. You have to be yourself, Larry; you have to have all your wits about you to do it. And you can't be yourself as long as your emotions are in such turmoil over Trudie. Now will you believe me when I say I didn't mean to hurt you?"

"That's all right, kid. I'm past being hurt anyway."

"No you're not, darling." She squeezed my hand and moved a little closer. "You've just had a bad shock and you're sunk. You'll feel better in the morning."

We went to sleep with our hands clasped.

I WAS awake with the first streaks of gray light in the east. Glenda was still sound asleep, her head resting on one arm. Funny, I thought, watching her, that I've never noticed before what a lovely mouth she has.

I leaned over and kissed her lips.

She awoke, startled. "What did you do to me?"

"I was kissing you."

"Listen. If you want to kiss me, you might at least do it when I'm awake and can enjoy it."

"You don't want to miss a thing, do you?"

She smiled, and I kissed her again.

"You'd better stop that, Larry. It might become a habit."

"Waking up every morning and kissing you? I've had worse habits than that one."

I realized all at once that Glenda's cheeks were furiously red, and it dawned on me that I had chosen a pretty rotten way of kidding her.

"Do you feel like going back to camp and getting Noel to cook up some breakfast?" I asked.

"Yes. What do you feel like doing?"

"I feel like telling Frazier to take Trudie Bechtel and get out of here and never come back."

"If you feel that way, then your sleep did you a lot of good."

"It wasn't sleep, it was talking to you. I think with your brain and my brawn we ought to have something."

"And I think," Glenda replied slowly, her cheeks still red, "that we should get back to camp."

The dawn came swiftly, and by the time we reached the palm grove the sun's brassy disk was riding the rim of the near horizon. We saw no sign anywhere of Bechtel.

Even at this early hour everybody was up. Noel was already at work on breakfast.

Norma, combing the burrs and tangles out of her dirty-blonde hair, eyed us accusingly as we walked into the cleared space in front of the hammocks.

"Well! That was certainly a long walk," she commented acridly.

"Not so long," Glenda replied coolly and, thank heaven, without any embarrassment or false modesty.

I walked over to the fire, where Phillipson and Frazier were toasting rolls on sharpened sticks.

"Bechtel didn't show, huh?"

"Not *yet*," the pilot said pointedly. "He may have waited for daylight. Firelight makes for tricky shooting at best, and I happen to know the man is one of the world's worse marksmen."

Bechtel was crazy, of course, but he was hardly crazy enough to start shooting at people with only the uncertain light of the campfire to guide his aim. He'd be cagey enough to wait until after sunup.

I went over to Trudie, who was washing in a tin basin set on a cracker box.

"How do you feel?"

She smiled wanly. "I'm all right," she said, but as she spoke she glanced behind her. She was obviously as jittery as any of the rest of us. "You didn't see anything of Ben in your wanderings?"

"No. He seems to have deserted us. Look here. He can't handle a plane, can he?"

"He's been up only three times in his life."

"Then that possibility is out."

"And the only other possibility is that he's hanging around here waiting his chance."

"He might be dead," I remarked.

DO you think you may have killed him? I mean—injured him so badly that he wandered off and died?"

"I wasn't thinking of that. If he's dead, Trudie, I didn't kill him."

"Well, if he's alive, I can tell you we're going to hear from him very soon. He always wakes up with a ravenous appetite. I know he won't be able to resist for very long the smell of cooking ham."

"I feel the same way. Look, Trudie. Do you still want to shove off this morning with Frazier?"

She nodded and my spirits hit bottom. But I made one last attempt to break her down; I thought if I trapped her into admitting that she was really going with Frazier only to save both of us, I could make her give up her mad plan. So I said sardonically: "Trudie, you can change color faster than a chameleon."

She looked at me sharply. "What do you mean?"

"You told me—and *told* me—that you couldn't go back to penury. So you refused to divorce Ben and marry me. But now you've changed completely. You're chucking everything and running away with Frazier. It's impossible. You couldn't love *any* man that much."

She smiled at me almost sadly and I thought I saw commiseration in her weary eyes. "Curtis," she said distinctly, "isn't a penniless author, Larry dear. One way or another, he's made plenty."

She had me licked. I said weakly: "So you've even checked on that! Well, there's no use discussing it further. Have you talked to Frazier about going?"

"Not since I talked to you."

I went over and called the pilot aside. He followed me without apparent reluctance and I noted that he seemed to have lost all his sullenness, all his resentment toward me. And such a willingness to forgive and forget was no part of the picture I'd drawn of Curtis Frazier. The man, I felt instantly, had a hole card, probably an ace. I wouldn't have trusted him with a plugged dime.

"I understand you're taking Trudie back to Acapulco this morning," I said.

"I'd planned to, yes," he admitted calmly.

"What are your plans about getting the rest of us out?"

"Oh, I'll come back for you. I'm going to take Trudie to Mexico City—some place where Bechtel won't find us. I can do that and be back by noon tomorrow."

"And what do you think Bechtel is going to say to you for not carrying out your contract?"

"What he says to me doesn't matter. He bought that plane, which he foolishly put in my name because he was afraid to register it in his own. He's given me a good advance. I'm not losing anything by not going through with my contract. In fact," he looked back at the camp, "I'm gaining something that all the money in the world couldn't buy. I'm gaining Trudie."

He pronounced the name almost reverently. It was nice theater but it was utter rot. Sentimentality in a man like Frazier was completely out of character.

"Then you'll leave immediately after breakfast? Whether Bechtel shows or not?"

"I can't go until he comes back," the pilot replied. "Or at least until we find him, because I gave him parts from both my mags. Yesterday, when he met me after I'd landed. He wanted some assurance that if we got in a bad jam I wouldn't take a powder on him. The plane is grounded until I get them back."

"Suppose Bechtel doesn't show up?" I suggested.

"That'll mean he's dead and we've got to find him. It wouldn't be much fun to try to work our way over these mountain trails clear to Acapulco."

WE went back to camp then and had breakfast. After it was over, the morning dragged on endlessly. Several natives came down from the village up the river and insisted that we must go hunting and that they must act as our guides. Noel told them we didn't care to hunt, and when they persisted in hanging around, staring at us, Frazier walked them over to the river and sent them on their way.

When he came back he said: "Well, how about it? Shall we start looking for him?"

"You can look," I replied. "I'm not leaving camp."

"What's the matter? Afraid?" he sneered.

"Yes. I'm not wandering through that brush in daylight. It would be too easy to get ambushed."

"All right, Noel. You too, Phillipson. Let's go. We'll spread out fanwise and work north as far as we can. Then we'll come back to camp and

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(Continued on page 59)

work the east sector. He couldn't be south of us, on account of the ocean; nor to the west of us, on account of the river. Let's go."

IT was shortly after twelve when the three men returned, their clothes torn by thorns and soaked with sweat.

"Any sign of him?" I asked.

"Not a trace," the pilot replied, dropping into a hammock.

Noel said tentatively: "If you'd let me go up to the village, Mr. Frazier, I could get twenty or thirty natives that'd comb this whole country for a peso apiece."

"Oh, shut up!" Frazier replied impatiently.

"That's the best suggestion I've heard today," I remarked. "What's wrong with it, Frazier?"

"You ought to know," he came back, watching me with leveled eyes.

"I guess I'm unusually dumb today. Why shouldn't we call in the natives to help search?"

"O. K. Call 'em in and see what happens! These people around here don't like Americans. They'd do anything in the world to get one of us in a jam. If they found one of our party had been murdered, what do you think they'd do? They'd dash right up to Tututepec and notify the police. And how would you like that, Mr. March? Phillipson saw you bash the guy over the head. And if we find him out in the bush somewhere, dead of a fractured skull, what does that make you?"

"It doesn't make me anything, because I didn't hit him hard enough to kill him."

"Try to explain *that* to a Mexican judge and jury!"

Well, it was something to think about, all right.

But why was Curtis Frazier going out of his way to warn me I'd be in danger if we called in the natives? Nothing would please him more, I felt certain, than to see me in serious trouble. Was he suddenly going soft?

"Well, how about it?" The sardonic grin on Frazier's swollen face made him look like a caricature. "Shall we call in the Negritos?"

"We'll go it alone," I said.

"I thought you'd see the light," he chuckled.

We had a lunch of cold canned beans, crackers, and green-coconut milk, and when the three others started out I went with them.

"We've covered the northern sector," Frazier said. "We can do the eastern this afternoon."

We had hardly emerged from the palms when Noel caught my arm. He waved toward the sky, said in an awed and breathless voice: "The *zopilotes* have found him."

I saw forty or fifty of the big birds circling over a spot a few hundred yards to the east of the camp.

"There's our signpost!" Frazier cried excitedly. "Let's get over there pronto. Come on!"

He broke into a run, and Phil and Noel and I followed. In a few minutes we heard him yell, and there was a great flapping of wings over our heads.

When we finally overtook Frazier, he was standing at the edge of a small clear space in the brush, looking at an object on the ground. He said steadily, but with a certain indefinable relish: "We seem to be a little late."

We were quite a bit late. There wasn't much left of Ben Bechtel but a skeleton. Frazier's gun lay beside him.

The pilot dropped to his knees at Bechtel's head, bent over and examined the skull. I retched twice and then got down on my knees and looked too. A section the size of a small saucer on the top of Bechtel's skull was broken into five or six triangular pieces.

"Some smack you gave him, huh?" Frazier grinned at me.

I stood up. "If you think I killed him, you're crazy. A man with his head caved in that way wouldn't live five minutes."

Frazier shrugged. "He lived long enough to send Phillipson for a drink, and to find that gun, and to wander nearly half a mile from where you smacked him down."

"I don't believe it. Some one killed this man while you and I were mixing it on the beach. Whoever did it knew where I hid your rifle. He bashed in Bechtel's head with the gun, carried him over here, and dumped him." I looked hard at Phillipson. "Phil, you're the only person who saw me hide that gun."

Phillipson began to squirm.

BOYS," he said huskily, his narrow face paling, "I swear I never did it. Look at me. Do you think I could pack that guy nearly half a mile?"

It was obviously impossible. Phil was frail and soft with drink.

"You had help," I said.

"Who'd help me do a thing like that?" he whined.

"Who but Maida?" I asked.

"Maida!" Phillipson exclaimed. "Why would Maida help me kill Bechtel? She had it all cooked up with him to give us a stake to make a picture!"

His argument rang true, it sounded reasonable. It sounded so reasonable that I felt certain it could be shot full of holes—if I knew all the angles.

Again, if he hadn't killed Bechtel, who had? Frazier was out. Whoever had finished the job I started had seen me cache the rifle, and Frazier was on the beach with Trudie when I hid it in the bushes.

Then who, of the others in our party, might have sneaked out of camp behind Bechtel and me, seen what happened, seen me cache the gun? Who had the strength to carry the body to the spot where we had found it?

There were only two persons who could conceivably have done it. Noel and Norma Considine. Though I knew Noel might readily murder if he thought his action would help me, I doubted if he would take any such step on his own initiative.

That left Norma. Norma had been for years an instructor in physical education. Norma was as strong as a stevedore. Norma had stolen my keys to keep me from running out on this situation. And Norma really had no satisfactory reason for coming on the hunting trip.

"Well, what do you say, March?" the pilot asked finally. "Shall we bury the body here or drag it back to Acapulco and face a Mexican inquisition? After all, you know, it isn't so important to find out who killed him."

"It's important to me, but we can pass that. As for the body, I think that's up to Trudie. When we get back to Acapulco we can report that Bechtel died of acute alcoholism and we buried him here."

AND suppose Trudie wants to cart him back to the U. S. and give him a decent burial?" Frazier queried.

"In that case, we'll tell the Acapulco authorities that the guy got drunk, wandered away in the dark, and fell off those rocks over on the point. We didn't find him for a long time. O. K.?"

"Oke. It's all very simple."

And because I was so hot and tired and brain-weary, that's the way it did seem. Very simple. I should have known better.

"Well, let's go back and break the news," I suggested. "Phillipson, how about your staying with the body?"

Phillipson shrugged. "I don't mind."

Frazier was bending over the body, fumbling through the bloody clothing.

He finally came up with four small brass screws.

"Belong to my mags," he grinned. "Whatever decision Trudie comes to, we can hop out this afternoon."

We started back to camp. A strange sense of foreboding came over me as we walked.

So it was that I felt no particular surprise when we walked into camp and found three dirty-looking men in soiled uniforms sitting in our hammocks, drinking our liquor, and waiting for us to walk into their trap.

The largest of the three, a pure-blooded Indian with sharp features, stood up languidly when he saw us. His paw rested on the big pearl-handled six-shooter he wore.

"I onnerstand, meestaires, somebody 'ave keel a man. We come to make the arrest."

I thought: *Boy, you're in a sweet jam now. With Phillipson squealing and Frazier backing him up, where does that put you? Right behind the eight ball!*

Did Frazier send for the police? Does he plan, with Phillipson's help, to saddle Larry March with the blame for Bechtel's murder? Next week a clever trap is sprung, and the drama nears its thrilling unexpected climax.

"MURDEROUS 'JUNGLE-FEVER' WAS IN THEIR EYES"

CLYDE BEATTY, CAGED WITH SNARLING JUNGLE CATS, FACES BLACKEST MOMENT OF DEATH-DEFYING CAREER

❶ "It was one of those days when you know something's going to happen," writes Clyde Beatty, world-famous animal trainer and the only man who works with both lions and tigers at the same time.

❷ "The animals had been sullen during the matinee. They came tumbling into the big cage for the evening performance with that murderous 'jungle-fever' still in their eyes, squalling, spitting and making passes. If they once drew blood it would be just too bad!

"And then, with that cage full of mixed cats raging at me and each other...the lights went out!

❸ "In the flicker of an eyelash the huge, glaring big-top went dead black! In the dark the snarls of the beasts sounded twice as loud. Green eyes glowed. In an instant they would leap for me!

"I jumped back, pressed hard against the steel bars of the cage. I whipped out my flashlight, flung the beam square in the startled face of the nearest cat, then gave it to another and another.

FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE JAN. 1939
Nº 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO.

❹ "In a moment (a mighty long moment), the trouble was repaired, the lights flashed on again and a tremendous sigh rose from the crowd. I was still alive. The power of fresh DATED 'Eveready' batteries had held at bay the fury of the jungle!

(Signed) Clyde Beatty"

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* **DATE-LINE**

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

HERE ARE MORE WINNERS

(Continued from page 58)

Willie Mae Jackson, Columbia, Tenn.; Alice Jacobson, Churchs Ferry, N. D.; Florence Jensen, San Antonio, Tex.; Violet L. Jensen, Rapid City, S. D.; Mrs. John J. Jones, Chanute, Kan.; Ethel E. Kampfer, Glasgow, Mont.; Estelle Kelley, Louisville, Ky.; Elizabeth R. Kirk, Baltimore, Md.; Beatrice Kittrell, Seattle, Wash.; Velma L. Knowlton, Pittsfield, Mass.; Evelyn Knudson, Janesville, Wis.; Elsie Lesovsky, Cuba, Kan.; Bernice Leuschen, Jordan, Mont.; Sgt. H. Levy, March Field, Calif.; José B. Lewels, Monterrey, Mexico; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Gwendolyn Linville, Fort Worth, Tex.; Mrs. Frank P. Litz, Baltimore, Md.; Margaret Love, Plainfield, N. J.; J. B. Lovely, Lexington, Ky.; Hazel I. Lycan, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Earl Lynch, Rochelle, Wyo.; Ruth M. MacEachern, Roxbury, Mass.

(To be continued in an early issue)

VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Dictators? Let Us Have Less of Them, G. B. S.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Having just read of the Nazi-Czech riots in Czechoslovakia and the wars in China and Japan, I was very sad. Then from a Mexican lad I bought a copy of your magazine to cheer me up. But I grew sadder than ever after reading the article by the greatest smart aleck of all.

If I should write a letter to George Bernard Shaw about his Dictators—Let Us Have More of Them (September 10 Liberty) I think it would be this:

Bernie, I remember you as a very considerable sort of person before your demise, which was so dutifully recorded in the critical press not so very recently but which you apparently have chosen, like Lazarus, to ignore. Now, once a man has passed—to use the vernacular—out of the picture, it is little short of indecent for him to return and haunt a scene which he no longer is part of—much less betray it. I say these things, Bernie, because you were given a very decent funeral, and your memory was held in considerable esteem by a large number of people, including your—believe me—humble correspondent.

Bernie, the world has gone a considerable distance away, whether you realize it or not, from those very charming and capricious games we all (in emulation of, among others, your respected self) used to play back in that giddy age known as the postwar era. The world is now moving toward another "historical necessity" which, in the very near future, will undoubtedly lead to another "postwar era." (Though there is considerable doubt in some circles as to whether there will be any one left to record it.)

There are some of us who believe that the men and the attitude of mind which you apotheosize in your little article will, if not prevented by some other "historical necessity," lead us into this chaos which you so wittily describe as due to "pugnacity." We also feel that poison gas is not the only antidote. And, perhaps foolishly, we also believe that dictators are not the cure. In fact, Bernie, we somehow think that perhaps dictators are largely the cause. Of course we all know the conditions which gave rise to these men. We also know the conditions—largely resulting from the existence of these men—which are leading us to this horrifying possibility of war.

However, we do feel that democracy, with all of its unquestioned "inefficiency," is one of the few remaining hopes of the civilized portion of the world for a refuge against that dark eventuality.

Sitting in my home in the comparatively free haven of "democratic" America, I pondered upon your sophistic parallel of the "policemen." Bernie, even you should know that there is at least a slight difference between the traffic cop who stands on our street corners directing our smoothly flowing lines of automobiles, and the storm trooper of Nazi Germany or the *carabinieri* of Fascist Italy, who have invested in them the power to bully, torture, and kill in the name of patriotism and the "totalitarian state." And to compare, as you compare, employers or sergeants or ship captains indiscriminately to men like Mussolini and Hitler is not only nonsensical, it is downright vicious, since it takes advantage of specious simile to obscure the issue and becloud the truth.

I could not help thinking, when I read your article, of the masses of the German people, whom I know and love, mechanized into automatons, goose-stepping to a horrid dark little man with a Chaplinesque mustache; I thought of the Italian people, whom I know even better (being a descendant of that race), mesmerized by a fat egomaniac with a Homeric jaw; I thought of the men whom these two have banished, of the books that have been burnt, of the homes they have disrupted, of the little children they are teaching to bear arms, of the universities that have been corrupted, of the noble, now dimly burning lamp of Reason which they are striving to extinguish—and of which *you* were once an apostle. And then I thought of you, Bernie, writing a defense of these "Leaders"!—*Jo Pagano.*

SEES SOUTHERN NAMES ON EVERY WINNING LIST

MARSHALLTOWN, IA.—It amuses me a great deal to read that people in the South never win prizes (October 8 Vox Pop).

I think they are poor sports. I see names from the South in every winning list. Iowa people don't win so much, but it is always because some one else is cleverer, better informed, and delivers the goods.

As far as I am concerned, I believe that people who win prizes are people who earn prizes.—*Maude A. Naiden.*

TOP PRIZE IN WISECRACKS TO MR. MACFADDEN

CARTER, OKLA.—Give Bernarr Macfadden the top prize in Liberty's Wisecracks Contest. His crack cannot be beaten, although perhaps unintentional.

He said (October 1 Liberty): "The Communist is one who has nothing and desires to divide with every one else."—*Jay Bee Miller.*

ARIZONA CANDIDATE PUTS DOWN HIS EXPENSES

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—According to our local paper the Arizona Republic, Andy Bettwy, former Mayor of Nogales, put down his campaign expenses and receipts, when running for Governor of Arizona, as follows:

Lost—Three months' sleep thinking about the election.

Lost—Two front teeth and a lot of hair in a personal encounter with one of my opponent's enthusiasts.

Donated—One beef, two hogs, and a half dozen chickens—value, $14.

Donated—Four negligee shirts, four pairs of suspenders, 79 calico dresses, $13 in cash 50 cents at a time, and about 75 baby rattlers, value $30.

Donated—Five hundred babies kissed. . . . Put up four stoves. . . . Was thrown off of nine broncs. . . . Walked 9,000 miles. . . . Traveled 14,000 miles in some other man's automobile. . . . Shook hands with 20,000 people. . . . Told 20,000 lies and was retold 40,000. . . . Talked enough to make a national library. . . . Attended 16 revivals. . . . Was baptized four times by immersion and twice otherwise.

Contributions—Fifty dollars to foreign missions. . . . Made love to 450 widows, 400 grass and 50 sod. . . . Hugged 3,600 old maids. . . . Got dog-bitten 250 times.

Received—More votes for less money than any other candidate. Lost the election by 79,000 votes.

Donations—$200, personal expenditures, $400.

See you in 1940! ANDY.

Isn't this one of the biggest laughs in 1938?—*Mrs. Homer Ludden.*

DOESN'T KNOW ANSWERS . . . TOO MANY STARS

MANVILLE, WYO.—Paradise Kate was very enjoyable. And I thought Emerald Annie one of the best serials you ever printed.

But the guy who writes Twenty Questions doesn't know all the answers. And Beverly Hills puts too many stars on some of his movie reviews.—*Sam Blaney.*

CRAWFORD, GARBO, AND PONS, AND THEIR NUMBERS

BANGOR, ME.—The superstitions which Mr. Oursler has given us on his back page have been most delightful. May I add a few on numbers to his bright collection?

Joan Crawford likes the number 7. She uses this number and keeps it about her person as much as possible. For example, her car license is 707777.

Greta Garbo shuns the number 13, and shudders at its evil powers. She flatly refuses to start a picture on the 13th of the month.

But Lily Pons believes implicitly in the number 13. She has the number on her automobile license, her dressing-room door, her home, and always insists

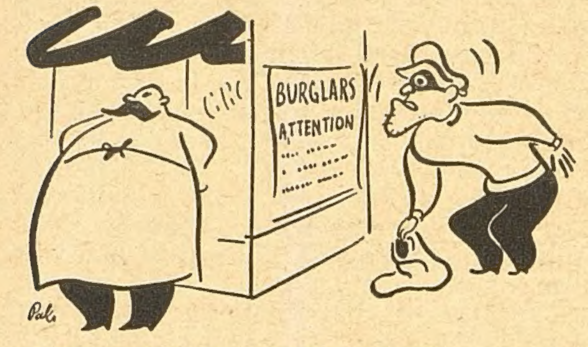
that her hotel rooms and staterooms aboard ships have the number 13.

Why, by the way, are the numbers 7 and 13 so often the subject of superstition?—*Jane Olways.*

WHEN ROBBING THIS STORE—

GRAND FORKS, N. D.—Can you beat this for your "truth is funnier than fiction" side of Liberty?

Once a month for five months Harry Gershman's store had been robbed. Then he put the following advertisement in a newspaper: "Burglars, Attention—When robbing store this month, please use front door. We are tired of replacing windows. Regards, Harry's Grocery."—*Hans Ottopfluger.*



AUTOMOBILE MECHANIC SENDS DOCTOR HIS BILL

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Somebody is still lambasting the medicos in Liberty. More power to 'em! Listen:

My partner and I operate a car-rebuilding plant. We've spent twelve years learning our business. We have $18,000 worth of tools and equipment. How many doctors have that much modern equipment for work on the human chassis? Last winter I had an appendectomy. Hospital bill, $165. Surgeon's fee, $250. I was on the operating table forty-two minutes. Doctor made about $375 an hour with about ten dollars' worth of tools.

Recently same doctor got drunk and reduced $4,500 worth of fine car to bent tin. Insurance company would not make good. Doctor brought car to me. I used nearly all of my $18,000 equipment straightening it up; also 210 man hours of labor. I charged him $1,250. (I'd have charged a layman $700 to $800.) Doctor bellyached something awful. He called me a robber, a thief, a scoundrel, and a few more not so commonly printable names.

I reminded him that if his time was worth $375 an hour, mine was certainly worth $6 an hour. His answer was scornful: "You're just a mechanic; *I'm a doctor.*"

"You're a drunken sot," says I, and slapped a mechanic's lien on car. Doctor paid, but God pity me if I ever again need hospitalization!—*Mechanic M. D.*

WHY NOT PUT EDITORIALS IN MIDDLE OF MAGAZINE?

NAZARETH, PA.—During the past five years I have been very favorably impressed with the editorials written by Mr. Macfadden and have often wondered whether they were read by all of the purchasers of Liberty. In reading Vox Pop I note questions are repeatedly asked on subjects pertaining to economics, money, and a variety of other topics which had been covered editorially by Mr. Macfadden. Possibly the readers are not accustomed to look on the front pages for the editorials and therefore overlook them.

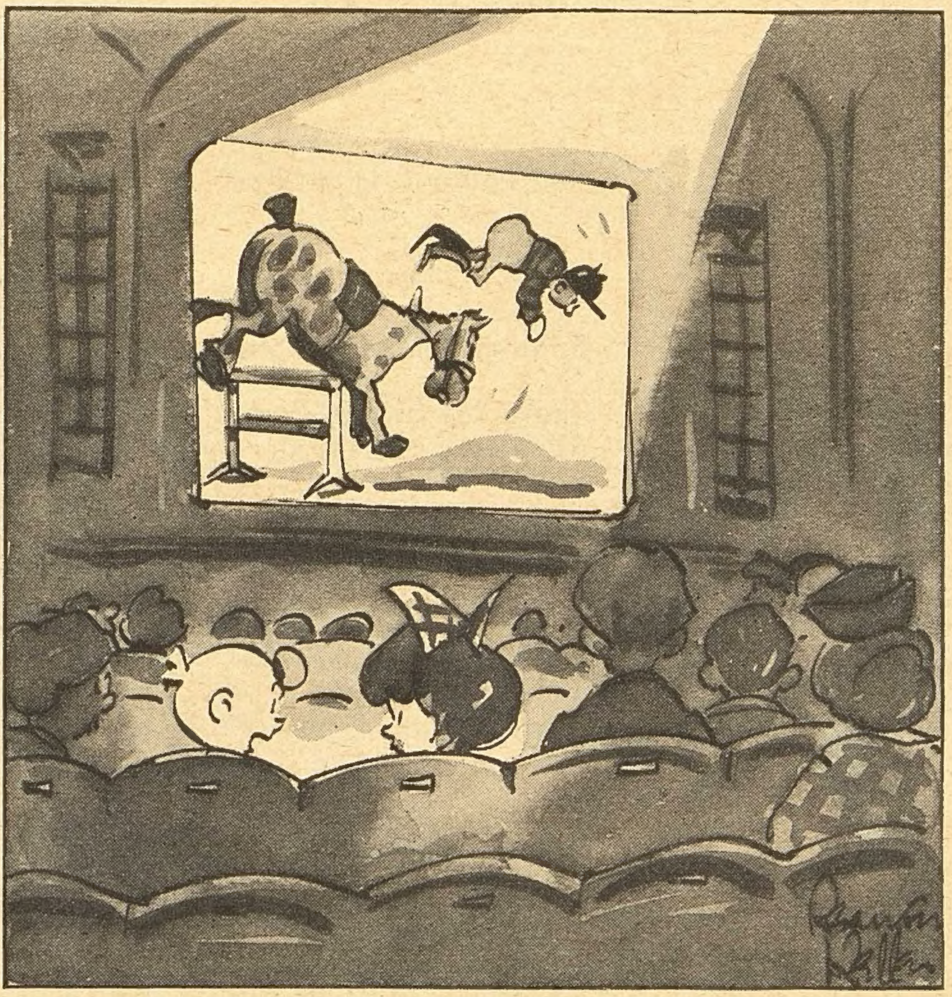
I have overlooked them myself when hurriedly glancing through Liberty to look for articles which would be of interest to me. So I suggest that you have the editorials printed in the middle of your weekly; somewhere near the Vox Pop columns. While this might interfere with your layout, the editorial could be placed in the center of these letters, so as to bring before the readers the interesting and enlightening articles written by Mr. Macfadden.

I know that you published editorials during the past year treating subjects which readers of all walks in life should have read.—*Clarence F. Fehnel.*

BARRETT WILLOUGHBY IS NOT A HE BUT A SHE

HOMEDALE, IDA.—For the information of Beverly Hills, Barrett Willoughby is not a he but a she (October 1 Liberty).

"HARDTACK"

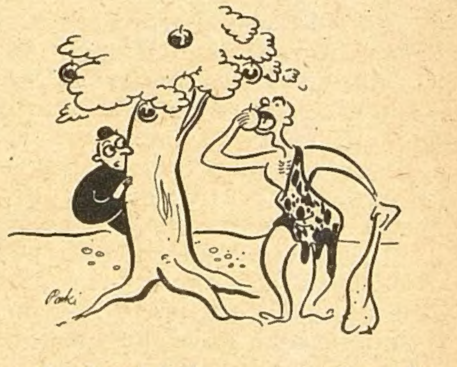


" I've sat through three shows and he's missed that jump every time."

She was raised in Alaska, and the story of her life in pictures would rate four stars.—*Charles L. Hay.*

BLASPHEMY ON ADAM'S APPLE

MIAMI, FLA.—In September 24 Twenty Questions appears the startling blasphemy that Adam's apple came from eating the apple. What apple? Any bonehead should know apples do not grow in tropical countries with fig leaves. And who said Adam ate an apple? Certainly not the Bible.



By the way, how many animals of each species went into the ark? Look it up and report.—*C. S. Rardin.*

CAT LOVERS ARE FIERCE IN DEFENSE

CHEVY CHASE, MD.—Your endorsement (September 17 Liberty) of the horror perpetrated by the two students, Webber and Watson, in Austin, Texas, will, I trust, lose you a good many readers. Cat lovers are legion and they are fierce in defense of the creatures they love.

My husband and I have footed very large veterinary bills during the past five years, sparing no expense to save the lives of our pets, which are numerous. When pets have died, we have grieved as over a human.

When, therefore, you enthusiastically uphold as ingenious and enterprising the callous slaughter of pets for commercial purposes, it is unlikely that Liberty will ever again find its way into a cat-loving home such as ours. *Frances H. Johnson.*

[What does Mrs. Johnson mean by "endorsement" and "enthusiastically uphold," when all we did was to reproduce a newspaper clipping in the title—How Society Boys Work Their Way through College—of this article? There is no indication in that clipping that the two students indulged in callous slaughter or cruelty. Indeed, we must agree that cat lovers are "fierce in defense."—VOX POP EDITOR].

HOW WE WISH POE COULD HAVE!

WEBSTER GROVES, MO.—You have done a real service to American literature in publishing the Edgar Allan Poe story. How different his life would have been had he been able to contribute to Liberty!—*Cyril Clemens.*

Trotsky Answers Stalin and Princess Radziwill

THAT STALIN INTERVIEW which Catherine Radziwill sold to Liberty continues to reverberate across the international horizon. Hardly had the broadside of denials from Bolshevik officials faded away before we heard a new detonation. It landed upon our own desk—a manuscript from Leon Trotsky. From his exile down in Mexico, the co-founder with Lenin of the Soviet Republics had sent us an excited reply to the points made by Stalin in that disputed interview. So next week you can sit back and read the other side of the present Bolshevik dilemma: the side of Trotsky and his supporters—those of them, that is, who have not been purged in Stalin's mass murders to stamp out all opposition. We publish Trotsky, as we published Stalin, not because we like these views—we abhor them, as you know—but purely for the information of the public. . . . YOU WILL FIND good fare of many sorts in our next issue, including MISTRIAL: The Uncensored Facts About Judges, Technicalities, and Justice—a timely discussion of a subject close to the heart of every thinking American; HOW TO LOWER YOUR TAXES, by Frank G. Arnold, which sheds a ray of hope on an ever-present problem; WHY NOT PAY FOOTBALL PLAYERS? by Charles J. Hubbard; WHAT SNOW WHITE'S FATHER IS DOING NOW, by Ruth Waterbury, an interesting revelation of Walt Disney's latest plans; another installment of George E. Sokolsky's THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE; two excellent short stories by favorite authors: SNATCH, by Scott Littleton, and FUN IN YOUR NAME, by Margaret Lee Runbeck; and another intimate picture of his own life by Douglas Corrigan; together with other entertaining features. . . . THIS IS National Hobby Week, sponsored by the Hobby Guild of America, and in many cities there will be local hobby shows and exhibits of entries for the World's Fair Hobbies Olympics. We believe in hobbies as a great educational force. Our first hobby was the old-fashioned one of hanky-panky. Please don't confuse the phrase with its modern slang meaning. Hanky-panky is an old-fashioned word for conjuring, sleight of hand, drawing-room magic. We began palming coins and slipping cards when we were very young. Eventually this study of black art led us into fascinating bypaths. Because many seemingly magical effects achieved by the conjurer are really due to scientific principles, we had to learn something about science. Thus we studied the principles of optics because of illusions in which mirrors were employed. Enchanted, we ventured further into chemistry and mathematics—mechanics of all kinds, from the best way to spring a handcuff lock to the proper adjustment of weights and counterbalances if one wished to vanish a horse. Later, in studying the history of magic, we learned of its early emergence from miracle exhibitions of priests in primitive religions. So we came to know of mechanical marvels in old temples and, with them, the architectural glories of past civilizations. By the same path we also came to know much of various ancient religions, and often found them garnished with wisdom. Again, merely through the reading of the careers of famous old magicians, we entered through a side door unexpectedly into the bright theater of history. Thus it was Cagliostro, arch-enchanter of late eighteenth-century Paris, who introduced us to the French Revolution and the background of the Diamond Necklace Affair. Because magicians depend almost entirely on psychology to deceive their audiences, we also learned a little of the science of mind. More than thirty years ago we recall having read a brochure called The Psychology of Legerdemain, and the author was the now eminent psychologist Professor Joseph Jastrow. Münsterberg, Krafft-Ebing, Freud, and many others we met first in a common interest in the psychology of deception. We could go on enumerating various other corridors of knowledge through which we walked, coaxed on by the magic wand. But it is not the hobby of magic alone that holds such opportunities for wider study. All hobbies, like all other human interests, are linked up with infinity. The fascination, the pleasure, the restoration of the spirit that one finds in stamps or coins, or whatever, will pay dividends in sound knowledge acquired almost without realizing how it is done. And that is a kind of magic all its own! . . . THANKSGIVING DAY this year finds the whole world grateful that Europe is not at war. . . . The idea of the national Thanksgiving holiday originated with Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, editor of Boston Ladies' Magazine, who began her campaign back in 1827. . . . Abraham Lincoln proclaimed the first national Thanksgiving holiday. . . . WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED a copy of Hall Caine's monumental and posthumous Life of Christ. . . . About a year ago we were first in the United States to read the manuscript. . . . We read it in the hope that it would perhaps be a serial for the pages of this magazine. . . . We were disappointed. . . . Apparently Caine had just discovered what used to be called "the higher criticism." . . . The book would have been a sensation in the '80s. . . . The Milwaukee Junior Chamber of Commerce asks permission to reprint our auto safety panels, As Told by the Living and the Dead. . . . Glad to give this permission. . . . Congratulations to Francis L. Wellman on Luck and Opportunity—a four-star book of reminiscences by a great trial lawyer. . . . But, oh, Mr. Wellman, why didn't you write some of those stories for Liberty?

*

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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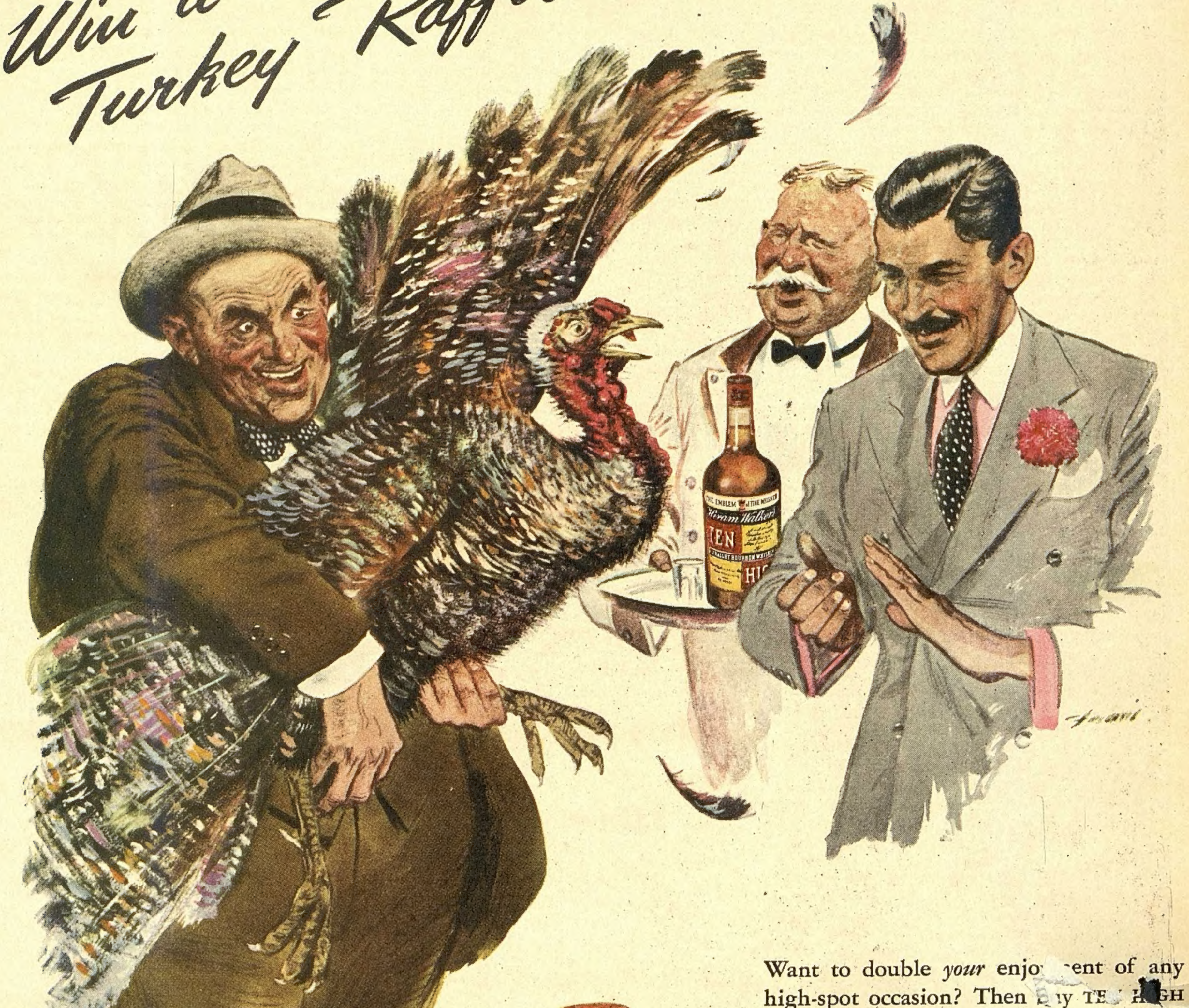
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY VINCENTINI

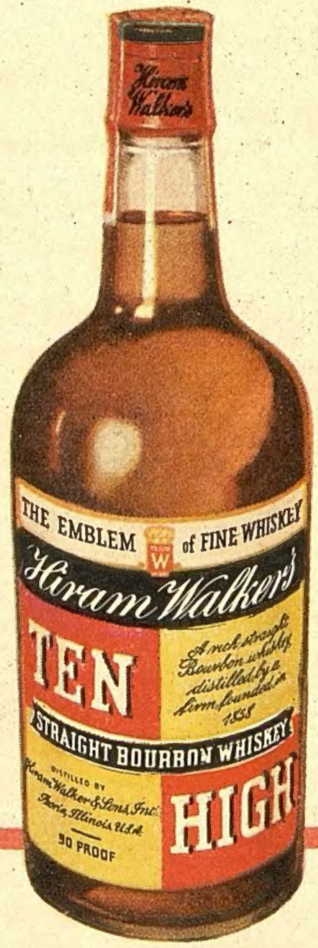
Win a Turkey Raffle?


THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
HIGH

Want to double *your* enjoyment of any high-spot occasion? Then buy TEN HIGH at your favorite liquor store or bar today. Countless thousands of smart buyers know that TEN HIGH has no rough edges to mar your complete enjoyment of its doubly smooth, doubly rich bourbon taste. Nothing is left to chance in the world's largest, modern distillery. Doubly careful control assures you that TEN HIGH always pleases your discriminating palate.

WINNER: *"I've got something to be really thankful for. Joe, set 'em up all around! We're all going to Double Our Enjoyment with a* TEN HIGH *or two."*

FRIEND: *"Now you're talking turkey!"*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Hiram Walker's
TEN
A rich straight Bourbon whiskey, distilled by a firm founded in 1858
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Illinois U.S.A.
90 PROOF
HIGH

Double your enjoyment with

Hiram Walker's **TEN HIGH** STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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CALL FOR TEN HIGH

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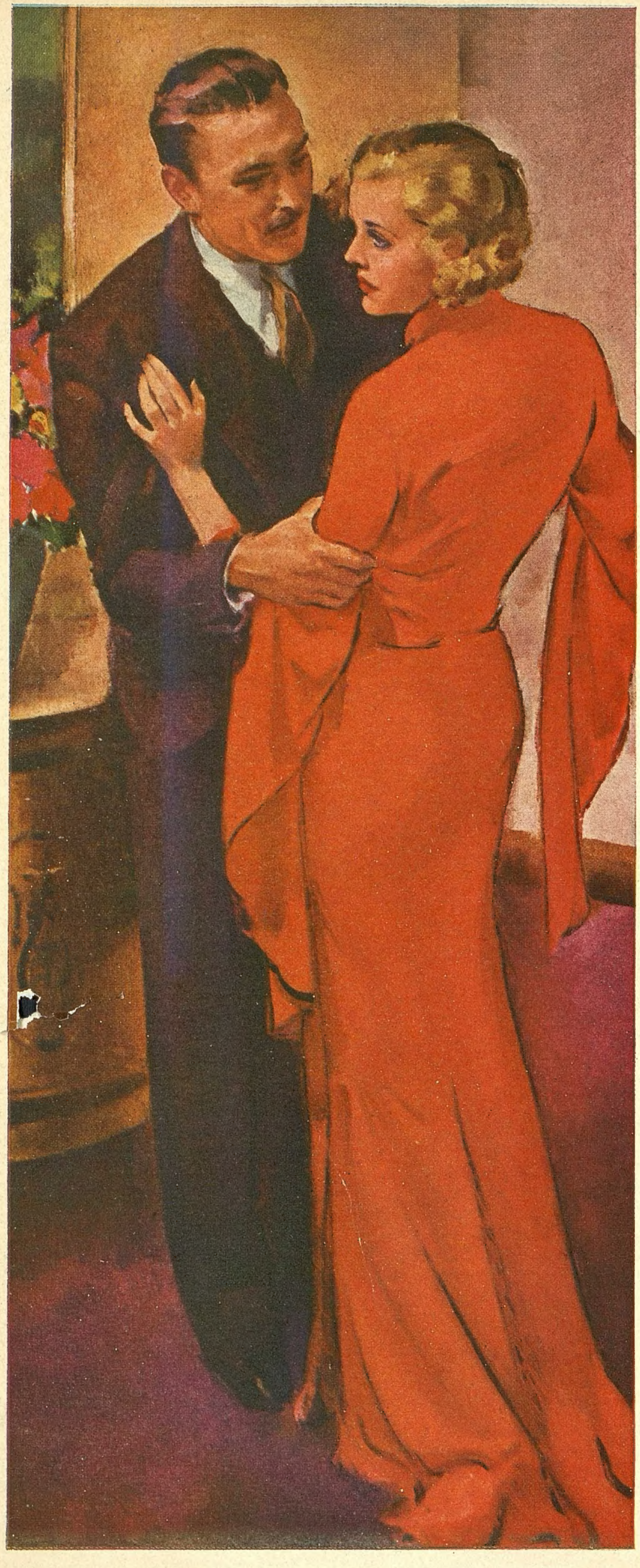

"Don't you *dare* kiss me"

She knew that he adored her . . . that she was fond of him . . . that she ought to encourage him . . . because after all he was attractive and successful. Yet the thought of him making love to her was actually revolting. She wished she could tell him why, but she didn't dare . . . the subject was just too personal . . .

GIVE THEM A HINT

There is nothing more fatal to friendship and romance than halitosis (unpleasant breath). The matter was once too delicate to talk about. Now, in the new candor that is sweeping America, more courageous women haven't hesitated to hint to boy friends that the use of a little Listerine would make them more agreeable. Tactfully presented, the suggestion nearly always works. It's self-protection for women and a favor to men. Use Listerine before all social engagements. Remember it makes the breath sweeter, more wholesome, and more agreeable.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

FOR HALITOSIS
USE LISTERINE
The Quick Deodorant

LISTERINE
LAMBERT